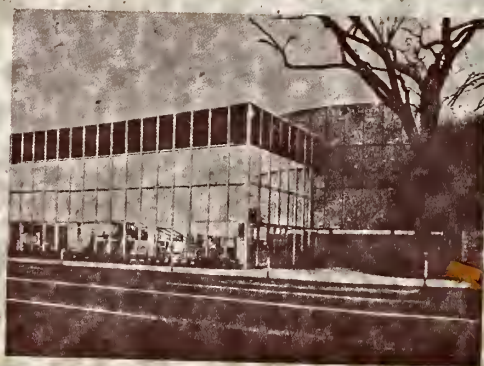
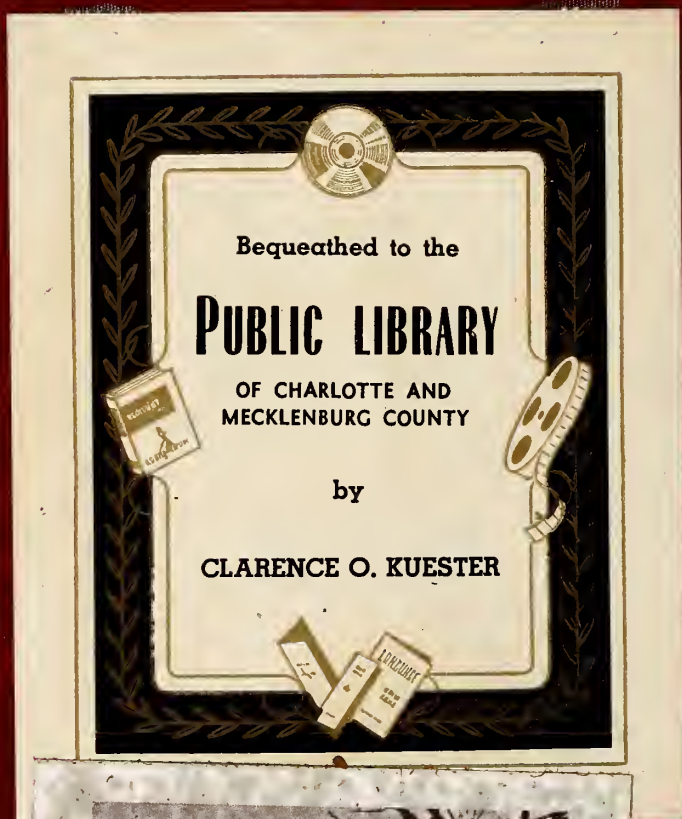


The Elizabethan 1912





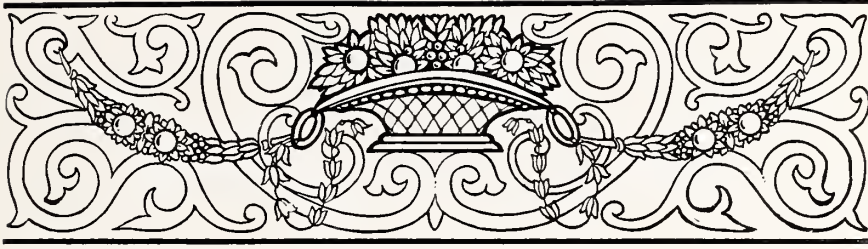
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De Elizabethan



EDITED BY THE
CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE
ELIZABETH COLLEGE
CHARLOTTE, N. C.



PROF. HARRY J. ZEHM

48-2217

4-13-48

The 11th volume of the Elizabethan
is dedicated to
Prof. Harry J. Zehm
A man
whom we respect and admire
A genius
To whose attainments and success
We look with pride

F. Zehm



SCENE OF MIDWAY

To Elizabeth

I.

*Around thy walls cling memories vine
And fondest thoughts of thee,
For you we'll ever more combine
Honor, praise and liberty.*

II.

*Thy campus claims our happiest days,
Those spent with comrades dear,
E. C., the cup of love we'll raise,
To you, in memory sincere.*

III.

*To thee we owe ambitions flame,
To thee alone our merit's due,
Forever and for aye thy name,
Our hearts with love imbue.*

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"CASEY" "HAPPY"

Irene—she needs no eulogy, she speaks
for herself.

All that we ask is but a patient ear.

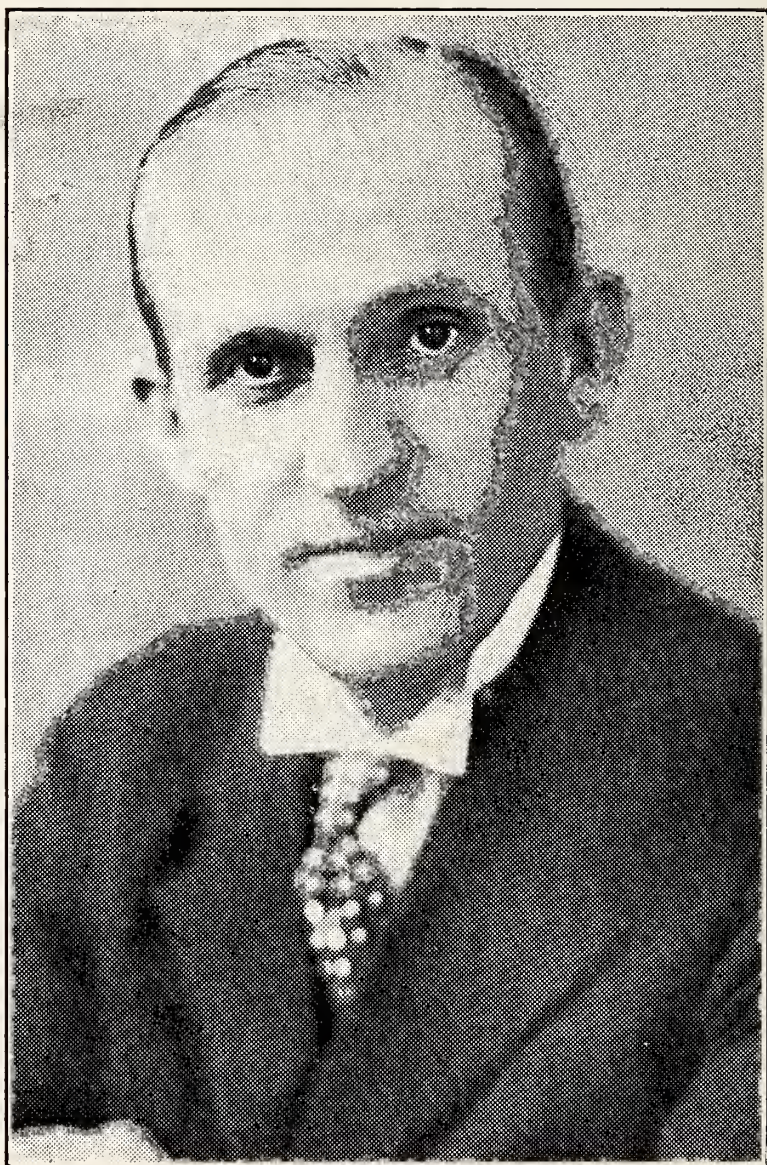


NATALIE RUGHEIMER, Piano
Charleston, S. C.

"NAT"

What's in a name? that which we call
a rose, by any other name, would smell as
sweet.

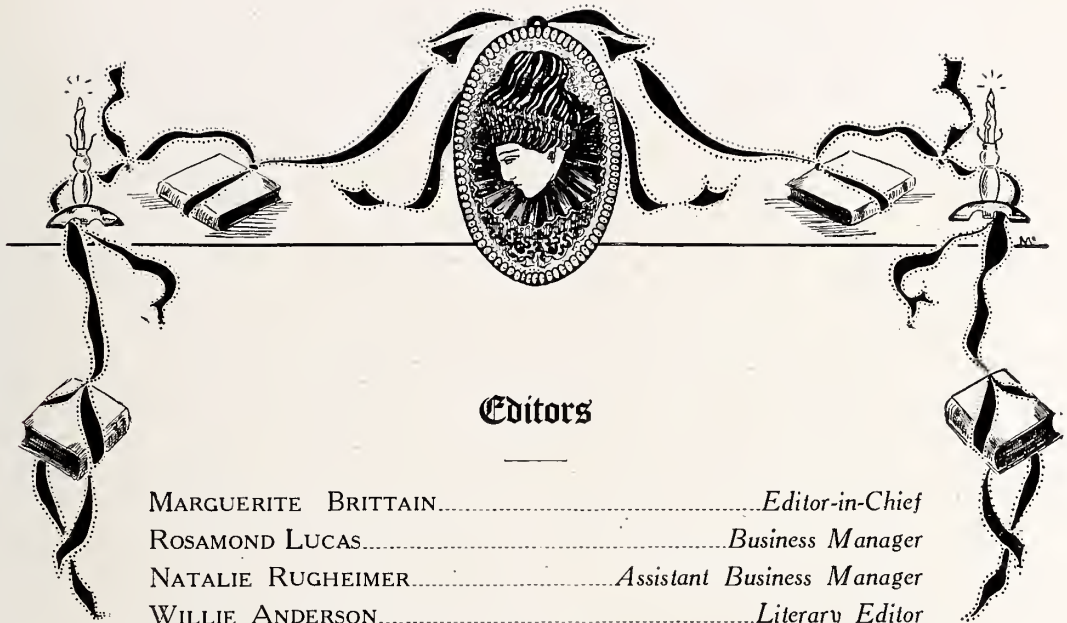
A companion that is cheerful is worth
gold.



We the class of 1912,
Render you our efforts all,
Not to gain for us renown,
But fondest memories to recall.



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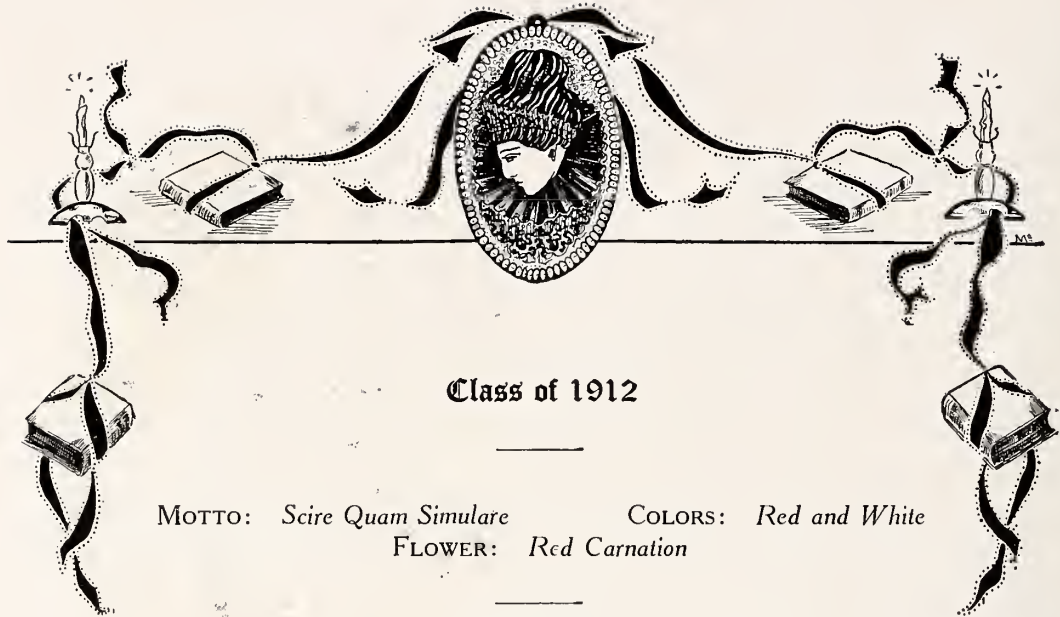




THE PINES



"What the world is to us depends on what we are ourselves."



Class of 1912

MOTTO: *Scire Quam Simulare* COLORS: *Red and White*
 FLOWER: *Red Carnation*

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WILLIE ANDERSON, A.B.
Charlotte, N. C.

"BILL" "WILL"

Wisdom is better than rubies, and all things that may be desired are not to be compared unto her.

Don't do today what you can do tomorrow.



LOIS MARGUERITE BRITTAIN, A.B.
Salisbury, N. C.

"RITE"

Charms strike the sight but merit wins the soul.

Don't wait for the wagon while walking is good.

MARGARET HAMNER BOMAR, A.B.
Charlotte, N. C.

"MABEL"

No one is so wise but that he may
become wiser.

Be kind and affectionate one to another.



JULIA MAE CALDWELL, Piano
Huntersville, N. C.

"JULIE"

What I must do is all that concerns me,
not what people think.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull
boy.

ANNABELLE DOWD, Piano
Charlotte, N. C.

"ANX"

One day is as good as another for one
who does everything in its place.

Think of ease but work on.



MARIE KATRINA GOSE, A.B.
Burke's Garden, Va.

"KAT" "TRINA"

Work as if thou hadst to live for aye,
Work as if thou wert to die today.
Goodness is the supreme beauty.

ERNESTINE GRAICHEN, Piano
"JAP"

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

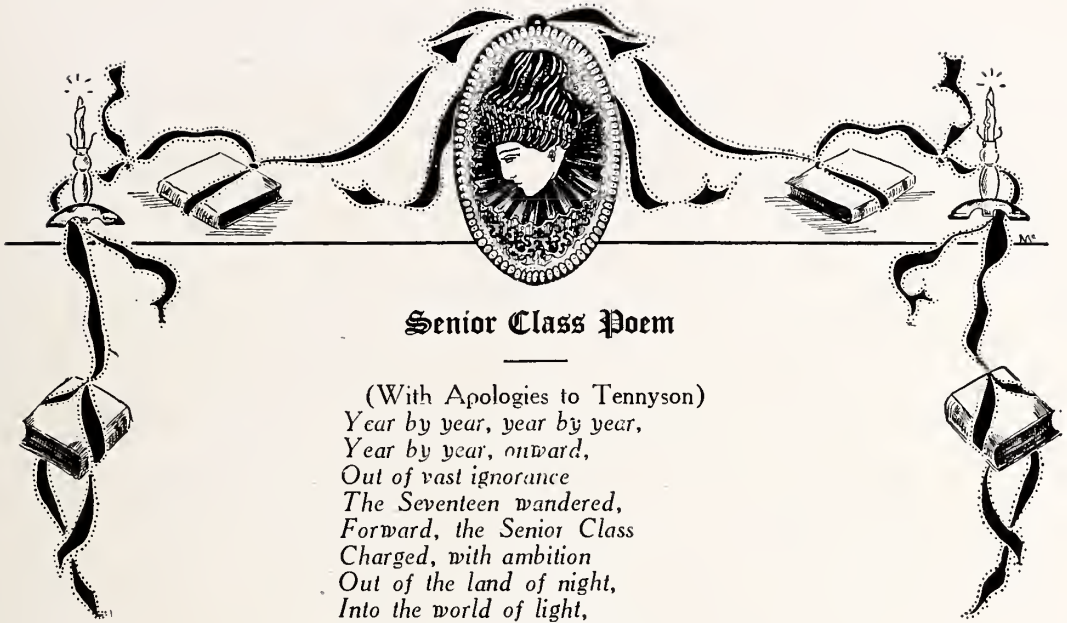
The greatest pleasure of life is love.



LAURA FRANCES HEARNE, A.B.
Albemarle, N. C.

"BABY" "LAURIE"

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on.
I am an incorrigible flirt.



Senior Class Poem

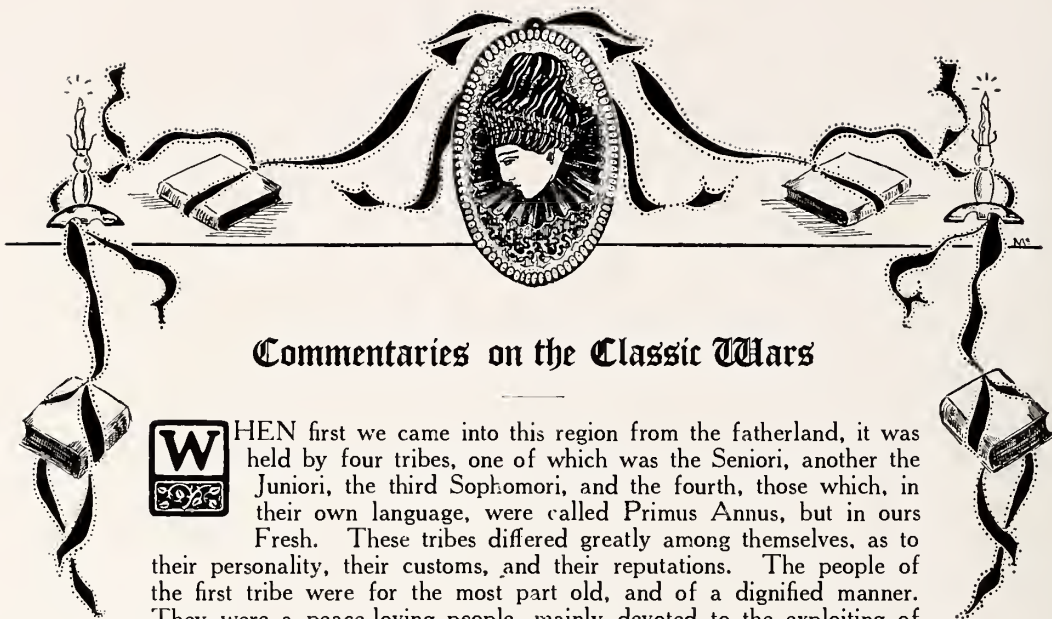
(With Apologies to Tennyson)
Year by year, year by year,
Year by year, onward,
Out of vast ignorance
The Seventeen wandered,
Forward, the Senior Class
Charged, with ambition
Out of the land of night,
Into the world of light,
With honors they thundered.

Forward the Senior Class!
Was there a girl dismay'd
Not, tho' each one knew
Others had blundered,
Their's not to tarry long,
Their's to be up and gone,
Their's a noble victory won,
For out of the land of night,
Into the world of light,
The Seventeen thundered.

Temptations to right of them,
Temptations to left of them,
Temptations in front of them,
Dangerous—yet coaxing,
Criticized with Enueys eye,
By the Idler passing by—
Stormed at, but they knew well
They stood where others fell,
And they now live to tell,
How from the jaws of night,
Into the land of light,
The Seventeen thundered.

Their glory cannot fade,
Their record they have made—
All the world wondered,
As out of the land of night,
Into the land of light,
The Seventeen thundered.

I. McLEOD.

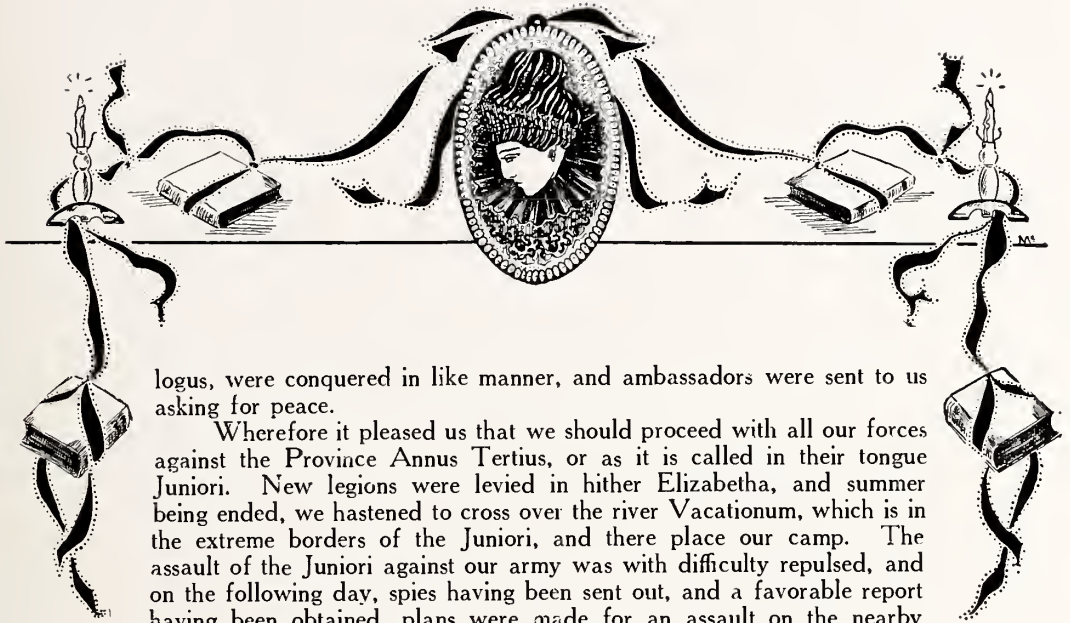


Commentaries on the Classic Wars

WHEN first we came into this region from the fatherland, it was held by four tribes, one of which was the Seniori, another the Juniori, the third Sophomori, and the fourth, those which, in their own language, were called Primus Annus, but in ours Fresh. These tribes differed greatly among themselves, as to their personality, their customs, and their reputations. The people of the first tribe were for the most part old, and of a dignified manner. They were a peace-loving people, mainly devoted to the exploiting of their dignity in the wearing of the black toga. Those of the second tribe were of a somewhat more active nature, but so taken up in affairs of science that they offered no opposition, but were rather eager to make an alliance with our tribe. The Sophomori were a vain and overbearing people, much given to the boasting of their deeds and pride in their alliance with the noble tribe of the Seniori.

On account of these things, there remained only one tribe from whom our army feared any immediate opposition. The Fresh. were a valiant people, but untrained in any but barbarian warfare. To our army, on the contrary, in this respect, the gods were propitious. Having ascertained the nature of the country through spies, our forces advanced northward from the coast until the enemy was sighted near the banks of a great river that flows through that land. Here the decisive battle of Mathum was fought on the 6th day before the Ides of May, which is, according to the reckoning of that country, Examinationus Finalus. The strategy of our leaders and the training of our legions were far superior to the unorganized warfare of the enemy, and the victory was overwhelming, but some of our number were slain. Some had their "ponies" shot under them, and though sorely handicapped by "conditions," bravely fought their way through the ranks of the enemy and joined the remainder of our army in safety. This important battle having been won, our army went into summer quarters on the other side of the river Vacationum.

Encouraged by the gaining of this great victory, our forces next moved against the Provinces of the Sophomori. Ambassadors were sent to the council of Facultatae who refused to acced to our demands. Our leaders thereupon resolved to wage war against these enemies. Supplies and fortifications having been strengthened by our allies the Parentis, our legions moved forward to the fortified town of Goemetrius. This city withstood our attack for a time, but on account of the superiority of our forces, and our improved methods of warfare, they were unable to longer sustain our attack. The cities of Trigus, Anglica, Horatia, and Physio-

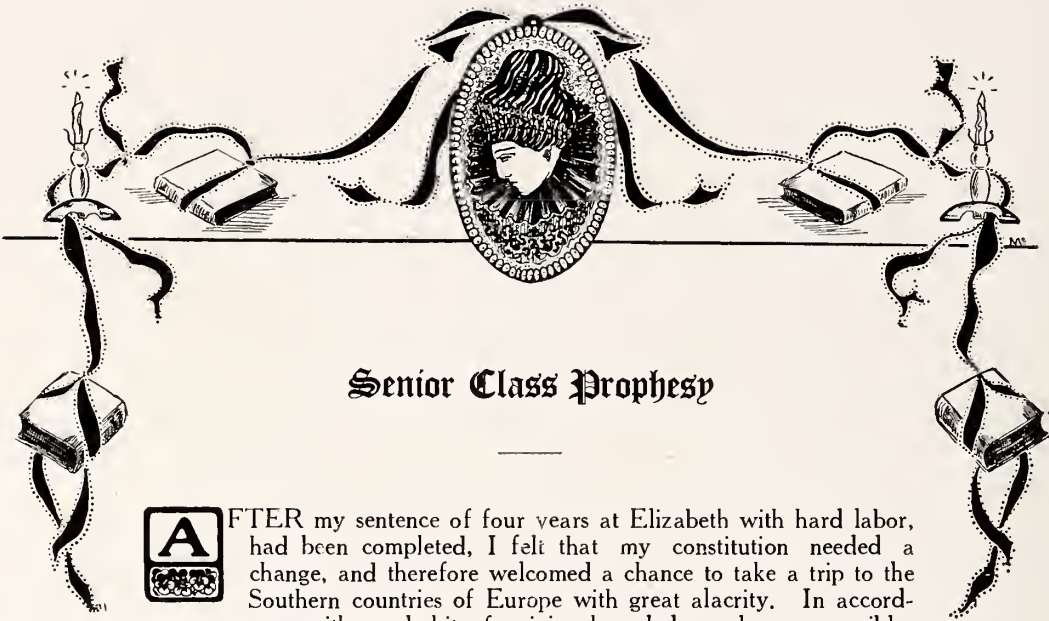


logus, were conquered in like manner, and ambassadors were sent to us asking for peace.

Wherefore it pleased us that we should proceed with all our forces against the Province Annus Tertius, or as it is called in their tongue Juniuri. New legions were levied in hither Elizabetha, and summer being ended, we hastened to cross over the river Vacationum, which is in the extreme borders of the Juniuri, and there place our camp. The assault of the Juniuri against our army was with difficulty repulsed, and on the following day, spies having been sent out, and a favorable report having been obtained, plans were made for an assault on the nearby towns. On our arrival all hope of resisting departed from the enemy, and having laid waste the lands of the Juniuri, all the Anglius, and Francius villages and the edifices of Historius and Physica, together with their allies Labratoria and Notæ, having been burnt with fire, the enemy was glad to make peace with our army and give hostage and supplies to our support.

The last Province being stronger by the nature of the place, and in military tactics not much inferior to our legions, was able longer to withstand our army. Diploma is the greatest town of the Seniori, because that the river Studium girds almost the whole of it; the remaining space where the river intermits contains a mountain of great height, so that the roots of that mountain reach to the banks of the river on each part. A wall thrown around makes this mountain a citadel and joins it with the town. After a series of forced marches and much use of oil we arrived at the North bank of the river. The omens being in our favor we offered sacrifices to the god of Psychology and to the God of Chemistry and our army advanced. In the 4th watch, having crossed the river by means of a bridge called Thesis, our army advanced to the mountain Examinationis and the sixth legion began the attack in front while the fourth and fifth legions surrounded it on either side. The enemy becoming confused in the darkness, were surrounded and taken prisoners, and the entire garrison and the town, fell into our hands. So great was the effect of this victory on the neighboring tribes, that embassies came from all directions to our army, offering tribute and giving oaths of allegiance to the valor of Nineteen Twelve.

HISTORIAN, '12.



Senior Class Prophecy

AFTER my sentence of four years at Elizabeth with hard labor, had been completed, I felt that my constitution needed a change, and therefore welcomed a chance to take a trip to the Southern countries of Europe with great alacrity. In accordance with my habit of gaining knowledge, wherever possible, a visit to the oracle at Delphi was made the means of ascertaining the various fates of my beloved school companions.

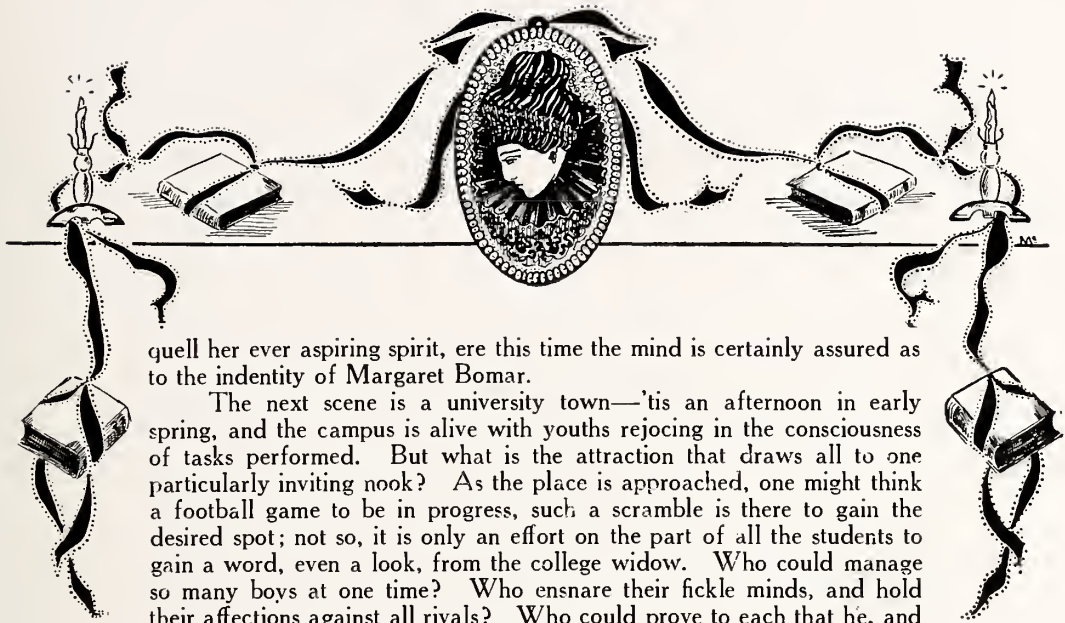
It was with eager anticipation that I entered the thick grove, in the midst of which, was situated a temple, gleaming with marble and gold. At the entrance I was met by a priest in flowing robes of black, who conducted me through the vaulted interior of this noble edifice, to the inner shrine. Here, upon a golden tripod, was seated Pythia, the Priestess, with a wreath of laurel on her brow, and in her hand a golden sceptre. A look of inscrutable mystery was upon her countenance, and her whole appearance bespoke the supernatural. With fear and trembling, I presumed to inquire into the fate, ordained since the beginning of time, of the seventeen who stood upon life's threshold.

And now come view with me the pictures as presented by the oracle.

Behold a stretch of sandy beach—tropical plants rise in the background—and a blazing tropical sun beats down upon the inhabitants of an island in the South Seas. But nothing daunted, the enthusiastic missionary expounds the catechism to a group of black skinned little cannibals, who, as a proof of their devotion, have turned vegetarians. And so Katrina is spared to enlighten the benighted heathen, until all the South Sea islands have felt her beneficent influence.

Very different is the forecast for the next one—a bustling figure strides to and fro, deep furrows mar the brow, and a pencil is placed firmly behind an ear—self satisfaction is depicted in every turn of this busy woman—no wonder, she has been accorded the honor of the management of Kress. Nothing seemed now impossible, and it was surely altogether due to the splendid training she had received and the wonderful ability Rosamond manifested in financing the annual.

And now I behold one thin, long, drawn-out spinster, dimly at first she appears, yet the meagre form, grown so by one long life of struggles, is a professor of Chemistry. Scarce will you discern in this genius the pupil long ago of one known as Miss Jackson, who, so inspired her diligent follower, that nothing short of a second Miss Francis would



quell her ever aspiring spirit, ere this time the mind is certainly assured as to the identity of Margaret Bomar.

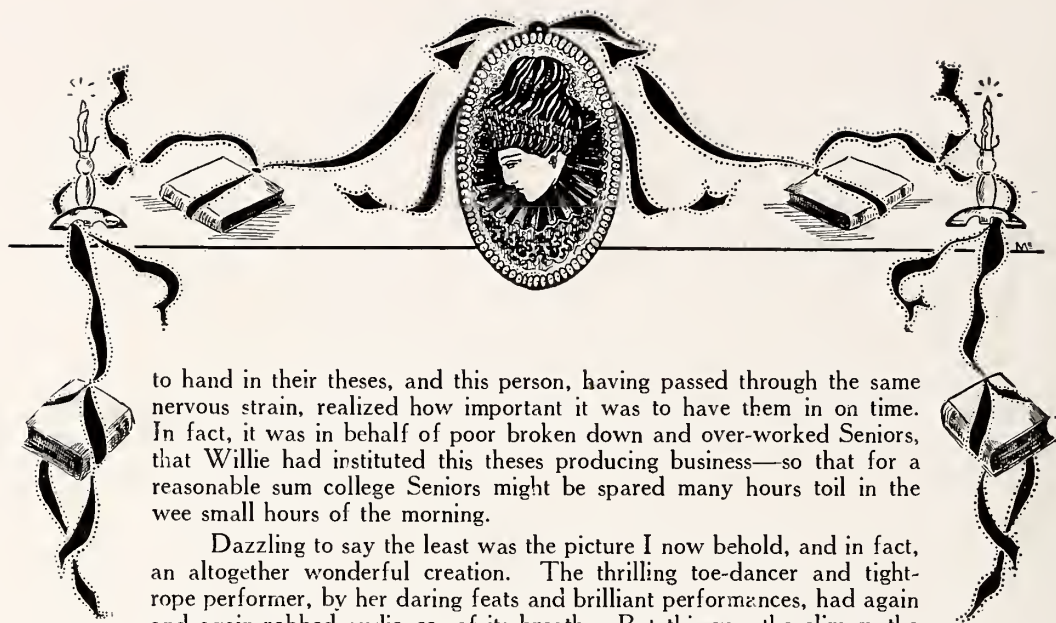
The next scene is a university town—'tis an afternoon in early spring, and the campus is alive with youths rejoicing in the consciousness of tasks performed. But what is the attraction that draws all to one particularly inviting nook? As the place is approached, one might think a football game to be in progress, such a scramble is there to gain the desired spot; not so, it is only an effort on the part of all the students to gain a word, even a look, from the college widow. Who could manage so many boys at one time? Who ensnare their fickle minds, and hold their affections against all rivals? Who could prove to each that he, and he only, had her heart? Who, but Laura?

And, nearer and nearer it approaches, it stops intermittently, strange—ah, now I see—it is the dear little dairy lady and her donkey cart. Drawn snugly about her face is the small checked bonnet, and over a simple black dress a large pinafore is expanded. The personage seems much in earnest, she will be heard, as she persistingly calls, "Milk for sale." On closer inspection the sign across the cart reads: "J. M. Caldwell, Truck and Dairy Farmer, Patronage Solicited."

Sad indeed is our next picture. 'Tis a small western town where Cora has taken up her six months residence. She had married a man without a musical ear who, ignorant creature that he was, preferred a graphophone to Cora's lyric soprano. Having tried in vain to drown out the shrill tones of this musical instrument, she gave up in disgust and sought Reno, the haven of the unhappily married. One ray of compensation only brightens this gloomy picture. In the future she will be permitted to charm the world by her sweet melody, unhampered by marital infelicities.

The scene is all changed. It is shifted to an apartment house in a very respectable portion of a small village. It is even more specific. The very room appears, illumined by a single candle, and that about to dwindle into the unknown. There are many inmates in this small room, yet of very different nature. One, a weary feline, diligently watching the mouse holes, another a chattering parrot, and thirdly, the owner, a wan-looking old lady, going through her strenuous nightly efforts to preserve a fast fading youth. The tiny coils being screwed, she casts a lingering glance into a mirror and hopelessly sighs: "Oh, Joe, who would have dreamed it."

The next was a business office, in a large city. An unusually intelligent face peered over an ocean of letters, piled high on the table. This person had received a very pressing order, which must be immediately filled. In fact, there had been several demands from the very same place—Elizabeth College—it must be almost time for the Seniors



to hand in their theses, and this person, having passed through the same nervous strain, realized how important it was to have them in on time. In fact, it was in behalf of poor broken down and over-worked Seniors, that Willie had instituted this theses producing business—so that for a reasonable sum college Seniors might be spared many hours toil in the wee small hours of the morning.

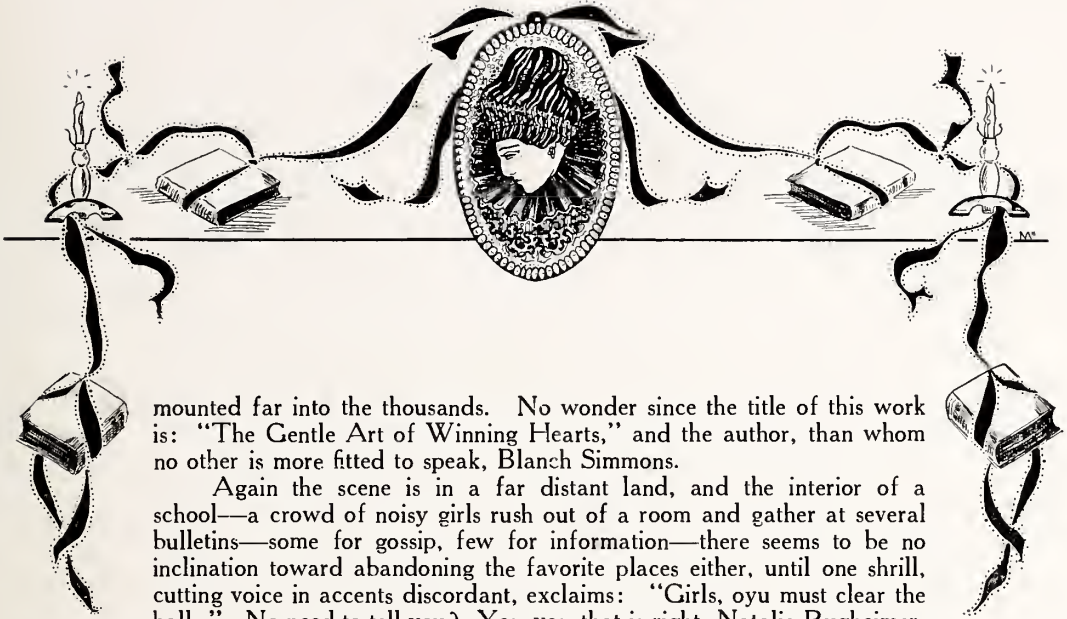
Dazzling to say the least was the picture I now behold, and in fact, an altogether wonderful creation. The thrilling toe-dancer and tight-rope performer, by her daring feats and brilliant performances, had again and again robbed audiences of its breath. But this was the climax, the well-known "Alamo" claimed Irene as its artist and nobly did she uphold her reputation. Standing room was at a premium, and many the one turned sadly from the entrance learning there was no opportunity of viewing this world-famed actress.

And now the flames leap high, distinctly I see a picture, it is of a theatre filled to the uttermost, enthusiasm and interest pervade the throng surging about the doors. It had been heralded far and abroad, that Madame Webb, the famous pianist, was the performer for the evening, and many of her numbers were of the composition of A. Young, the celebrated composer, who was rapidly gaining for herself world-renown.

'Tis milady's boudoir—upon a luxurious couch rests a pale young woman in a becoming negligee. A look of intense boredom comes over her countenance as she inquires of her maid in a listless tone, how soon she must dress for the ball. We recognize in the blase creature the energetic Annabelle, of former days. She has become a society queen, who too late, has discovered that society is a hollow sham, but has become so ensnared in its toils that it is impossible to free herself. The pity of it!—that she should have exchanged her music for this.

A familiar scene is next presented to our eyes—our own conservatory—but what a change do we behold. No longer does the well beloved form of professor stalk through the halls. In his place we see a small black haired and very energetic young woman, who issues orders right and left, in no uncertain tones. With fear and trembling do the monitors obey her commands and no one dares to call her soul her own. The teachers heed her slightest behest, while even the august president makes known his wishes in a meek and conciliatory tone, for Ernestine is absolute mistress of all she surveys.

In an artistically furnished morning room, is seated a lady, being interviewed by a representative of a leading New York paper. The slightest details of her life are listened to with avidity and instantly jotted down. For this lady is a successful authoress, and the sale of her latest work, which has created such interest, especially in college circles, has



mounted far into the thousands. No wonder since the title of this work is: "The Gentle Art of Winning Hearts," and the author, than whom no other is more fitted to speak, Blanch Simmons.

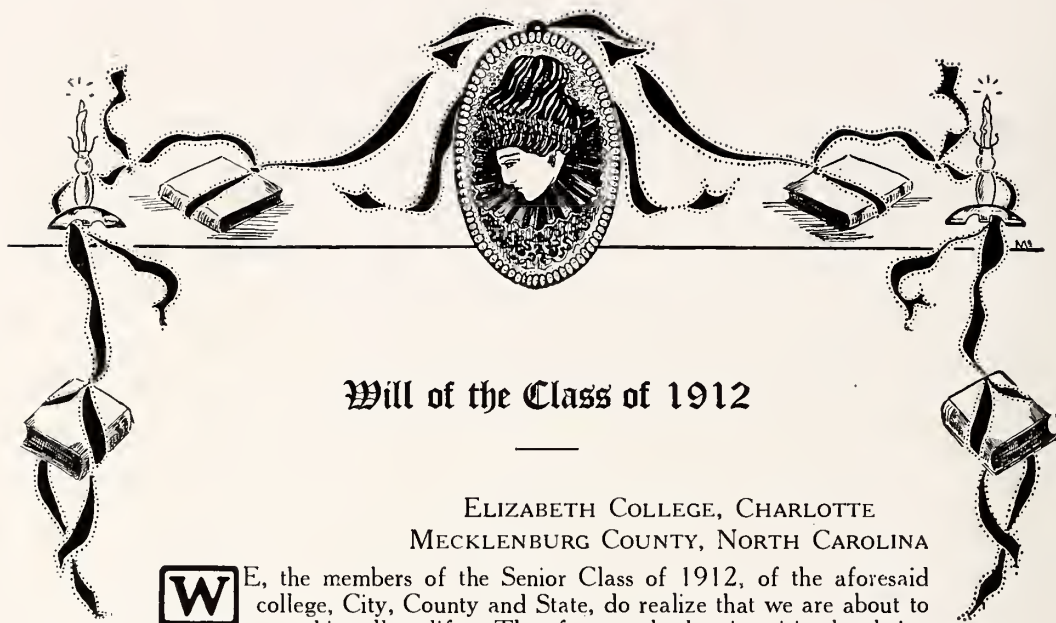
Again the scene is in a far distant land, and the interior of a school—a crowd of noisy girls rush out of a room and gather at several bulletins—some for gossip, few for information—there seems to be no inclination toward abandoning the favorite places either, until one shrill, cutting voice in accents discordant, exclaims: "Girls, oyu must clear the halls." No need to tell you? Yes, yes, that is right, Natalie Rugheimer.

By this time the patience of the oracle seemed exhausted and with great disappointment the remaining member of this illustrious class was forced to depart unenlightened as to her own destiny.

(Finis)

M. B., Class Prophetess.





Will of the Class of 1912

ELIZABETH COLLEGE, CHARLOTTE
MECKLENBURG COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA



E, the members of the Senior Class of 1912, of the aforesaid college, City, County and State, do realize that we are about to part this college life. Therefore we, broken in spirits, but being of reasonably sound minds, do hereby make and declare this, our Last Will and Testament, as follows:

First, whereas, we have been lawfully united to the Sophomore Class in the holy bonds of class union, we hereby appoint the said class to execute this, our Last Will and Testament, according to the true intent and meaning of the same and every part and clause thereof.

ITEM 1. We leave part of our virtues to those who will remain in college, when we have departed from the walls of our Alma Mater.

ITEM 2. To each member of the Faculty, we will as much love as we have received from them during the past year, and request that they never again waste as much sweetness on a Junior Class as they have on the present one.

ITEM 3. To that same august body, we will all the red and blue pencils we possess, knowing that Charlotte will not be able to supply the demand when the Juniors become Seniors.

ITEM 4. To the Juniors we will our social, mental and physical ability, knowing they will have need of all we can spare out of our abundant store for another year.

ITEM 5. We also will to the same class our deportment, as a model, and ask them to please carefully follow in our footsteps.

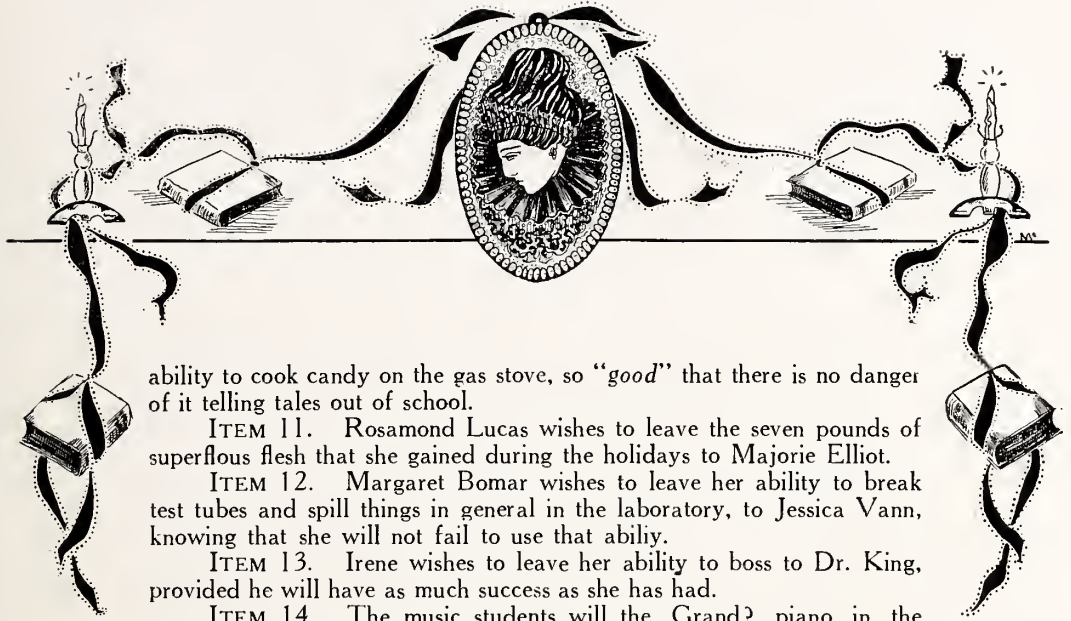
ITEM 6. Again we will to the Juniors our ability to keep a secret, at least so it will not get into the newspapers and precede the invitations.

ITEM 7. We will to the Sophomores as much of our limitless supply of love as they think they deserve.

ITEM 8. We willingly will to the next class in modern languages all our books, which, while in our hands, have been revised, and now if they have the art of reading between the lines, will find a most valuable vocabulary, which will save them much trouble in the future.

ITEM 9. We will our Psychology books to the Juniors, which have everything underscored that Dr. King is going to ask on examination next year.

ITEM 10. The Chemistry Class wishes to will the next class their



ability to cook candy on the gas stove, so "good" that there is no danger of it telling tales out of school.

ITEM 11. Rosamond Lucas wishes to leave the seven pounds of superfluous flesh that she gained during the holidays to Majorie Elliot.

ITEM 12. Margaret Bomar wishes to leave her ability to break test tubes and spill things in general in the laboratory, to Jessica Vann, knowing that she will not fail to use that ability.

ITEM 13. Irene wishes to leave her ability to boss to Dr. King, provided he will have as much success as she has had.

ITEM 14. The music students will the Grand? piano in the chapel to the next moving picture show that starts in Charlotte.

ITEM 15. We will all our bones and brains that have been shattered in getting up the annual to the next class which gives a Hallowe'en party.

ITEM 16. Each of us wills one of our nerves to Novice Haigler, who is sadly in need of some.

ITEM 17. Each member of the Senior Class wishes to leave to Jessica Vann a slice of her dignity, and in case she does not use it all we ask that it be preserved for Susie Woolley.

ITEM 18. All books not herein mentioned we will and bequeath to Elizabeth College library and ask that they be preserved as a "fitting" memorial to the class of 1912.

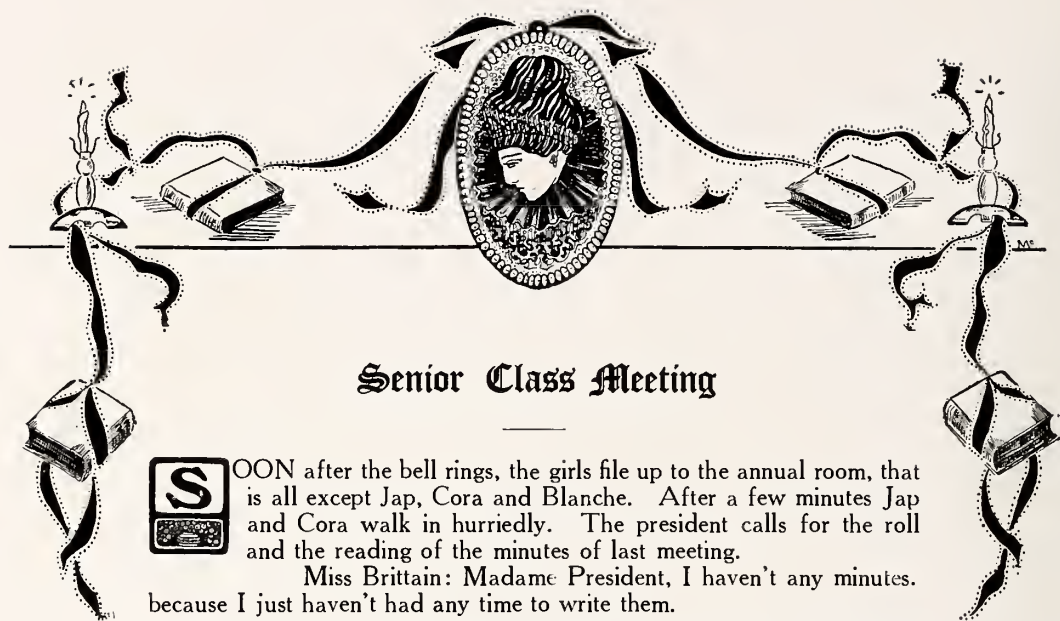
ITEM 19. Our Senior lamps we will to the next class, provided they will follow our good example and not burn them after one o'clock a. m.

ITEM 20. Last we will to Elizabeth College and all connected with it our loyalty and devotion, and wish that all succeeding classes may cause as little trouble as we have.

In the presence of this assembled body we hereunto set our hand and seal this the 14th day of May, 1912.

CLASS OF 1912 (Seal)

PER KATRINA GOSE.



Senior Class Meeting

SOON after the bell rings, the girls file up to the annual room, that is all except Jap, Cora and Blanche. After a few minutes Jap and Cora walk in hurriedly. The president calls for the roll and the reading of the minutes of last meeting.

Miss Brittain: Madame President, I haven't any minutes. because I just haven't had any time to write them.

Rosie: (meekly) Well, we'll just have the roll then. Blanche arrives here about five minutes late. After the roll, Rosie calls for the business.

Rosie: Miss Brittain, have you anything to say about the annual.

Miss Brittain: (hurriedly rising) Yes, Madame President, I just want to say that the girls must have their pictures made right away, and the art editor *must* see about those sketches, and the joke editor will please try to get some more jokes, and Blanche, have you found out about any more clubs? And the literary editors will please hand in their work as soon as possible. Miss Brittain calmly sits down after this spiel, which has been spoken for many a meeting.

Rosie: You have heard what Miss Brittain has said, and I wish you would please have everything ready as soon as possible.

Miss McLeod: (rising abruptly) Madame President, I saw the best little sketch that would be good for so and so page of the annual. It was in that——annual. Girls, haven't you seen it?

Ethel: Yes, I think I've seen it, Madame President.

Irene: Well, isn't it a dear. Madame President, if you will excuse me, I will go down and get it, it is right down stairs in my room.

Irene hurriedly relieves the room.

Rosie: Miss Lucas, have you anything to say about the annual?

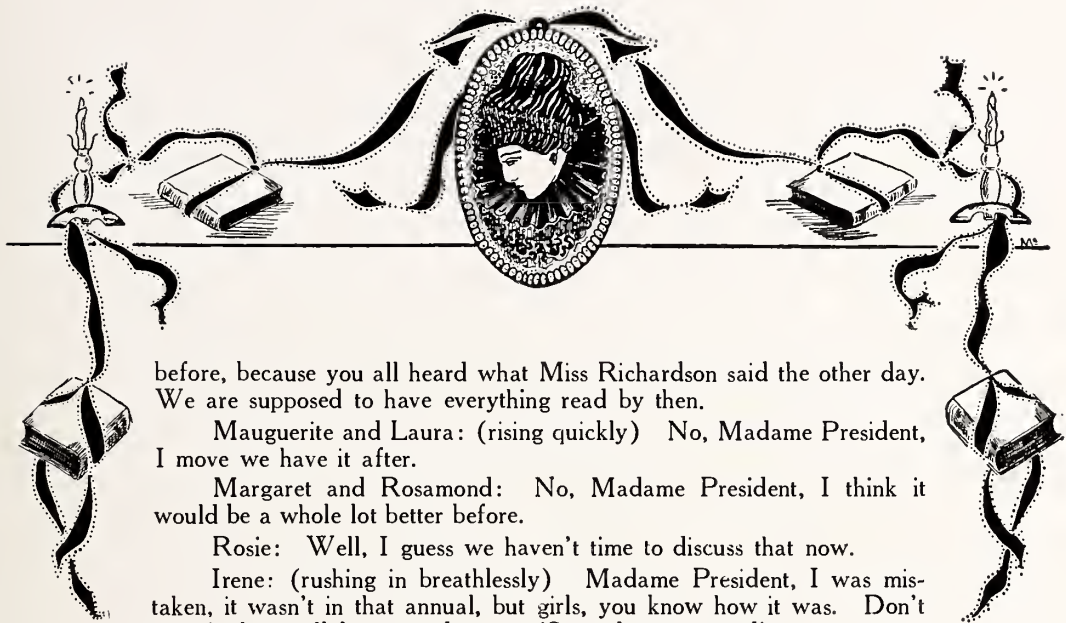
Rosamond: Madame President, I would just like to say that we are getting on very nicely with the ads. We've got nearly —— dollars worth. And I don't guess we will go in the "hole" this year.

Rosie: Well, girls, I know you are glad to hear that.

Laura: Madame President, what about Senior week. We had better be thinking of that pretty soon.

Mauguerite: I move we have it after we have handed in our outlines, for we certainly need a chance to compose our theses.

Margaret: No, Madame President, I think we ought to have it



before, because you all heard what Miss Richardson said the other day. We are supposed to have everything read by then.

Mauguerite and Laura: (rising quickly) No, Madame President, I move we have it after.

Margaret and Rosamond: No, Madame President, I think it would be a whole lot better before.

Rosie: Well, I guess we haven't time to discuss that now.

Irene: (rushing in breathlessly) Madame President, I was mistaken, it wasn't in that annual, but girls, you know how it was. Don't you think it will be a good one. (Several present nod).

Julia Mæ: Madame President, I move we adjourn.

Willie: Madame President, I second that motion.

Jap: (quickly) Madame President, I want to know about this President of Student Body business. It just makes me tired. I think I'm going to resign.

Rosie: Earnestine, perhaps it would be a good idea for you to go to see Miss Palmer and ask her just what your duties are.

Jap: Well, it certainly makes me tired.

Cora: Madame President, I just want to tell the girls to get some more jokes. We haven't got many, and those are certainly peaches—(giggles).

Irene: Madame President, I think this would be a good idea for the annual. She proceeds to go into details on the subject and several girls nod in assent.

About this time every one seems to get restless.

Natalie: Madame President, I move we adjourn.

Katrina: Madame President, I second that.

The girls rise and start for the door.

Rosie: Is there any other business.

Nobody pays any attention, but all rush out of the door and down stairs.

Mauguerite, just as lunch bell rings: "I've just got to see Miss Palmer about having some girls go down for their pictures to be made this afternoon. Rushes in to Miss Palmer's room just before she leaves, gets what is desired, and arrives at lunch just before Mr. Zehm has tapped the bell."

M. H. BOMAR.

(End)



ELIZABETH VAN POOLE
Salisbury, North Carolina
Post Graduate in Expression



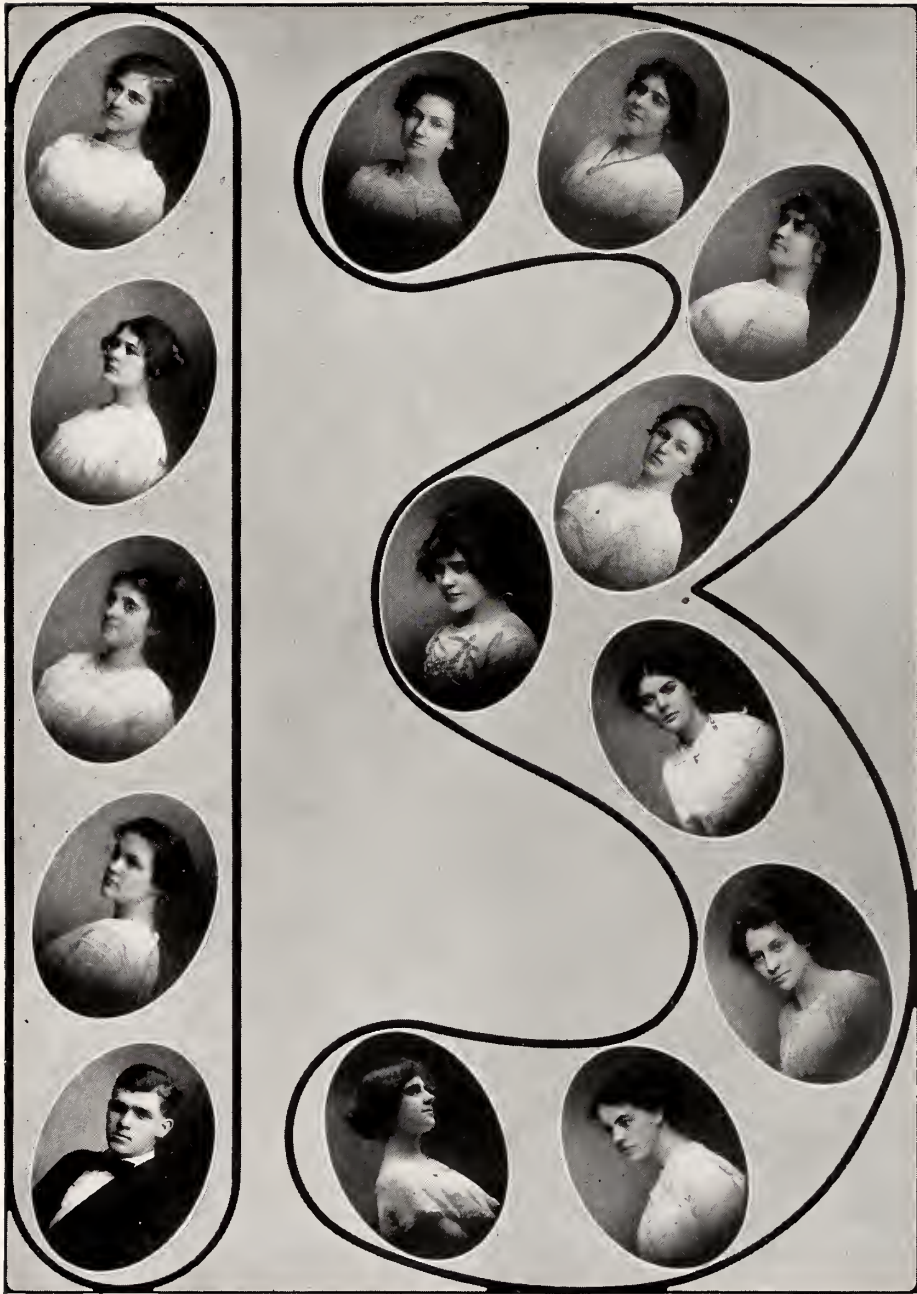
AGNES COUNCIL
Lake Wacamaw, N. C.
Certificate in Art and Bible.



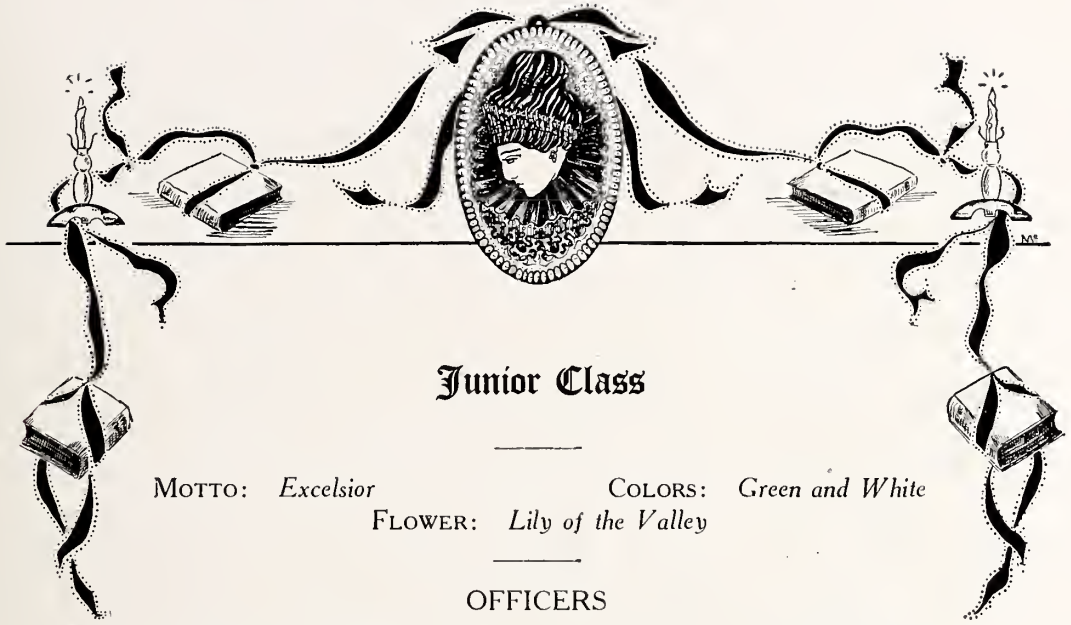
NARVIS HAIGLER
Cameron, South Carolina
Certificate in Bible



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JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class

MOTTO: *Excelsior*

COLORS: *Green and White*

FLOWER: *Lily of the Valley*

OFFICERS

KATHERINE VOLLERS.....	<i>President</i>
VIOLA BUCKLER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
SARA MOSELEY.....	<i>Secretary and Historian</i>
JESSICA VANN.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
H. A. STIREWALT.....	<i>Class Poet</i>

MEMBERS

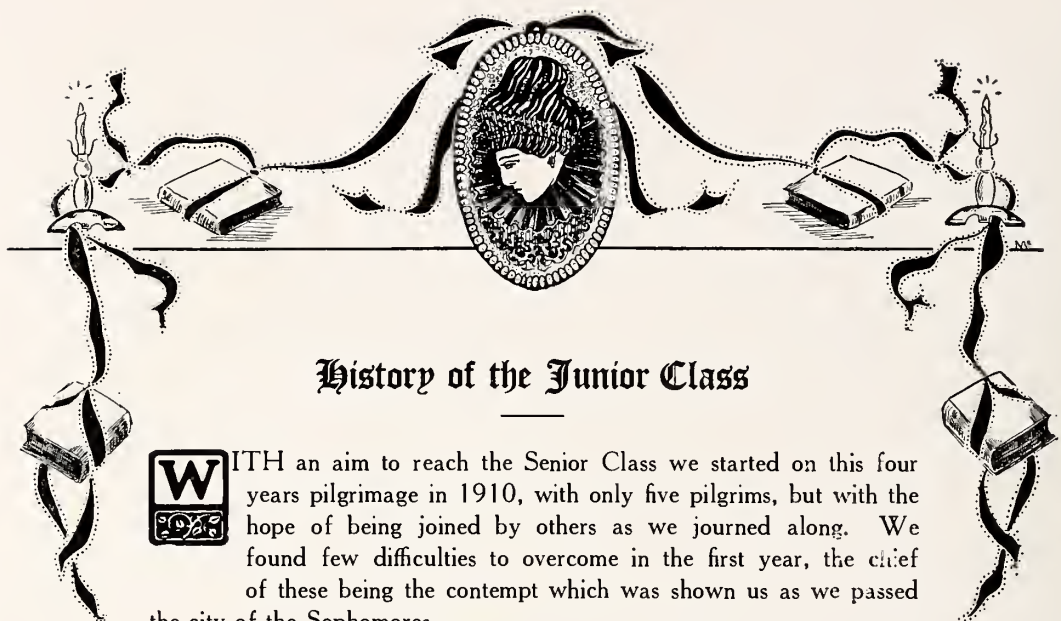
VIOLA BUCKLER
IDA EFIRD
MARJORIE ELIOT
GRACE GRADDICK
BESS HEILIG
RUTH KEISTER
VIRGINIA LILLARD

SARAH MOSELEY
CHARLOTTE RUCKER
H. A. STIREWALT
ANNA THOMAS
JESSICA VANN
KATHERINE VOLLERS
VELDA YOUNG

EULA TRAYWICK

JUNIOR CLASS YELL

Thirteen, Rah! Thirteen, Rah!
Nineteen-thirteen, Sis, Boom, Bah!
Green and White,
Wah, Who, Wah,
Nineteen-thirteen,
Rah! Rah! Rah!



History of the Junior Class

WITH an aim to reach the Senior Class we started on this four years pilgrimage in 1910, with only five pilgrims, but with the hope of being joined by others as we journeyed along. We found few difficulties to overcome in the first year, the chief of these being the contempt which was shown us as we passed the city of the Sophomores.

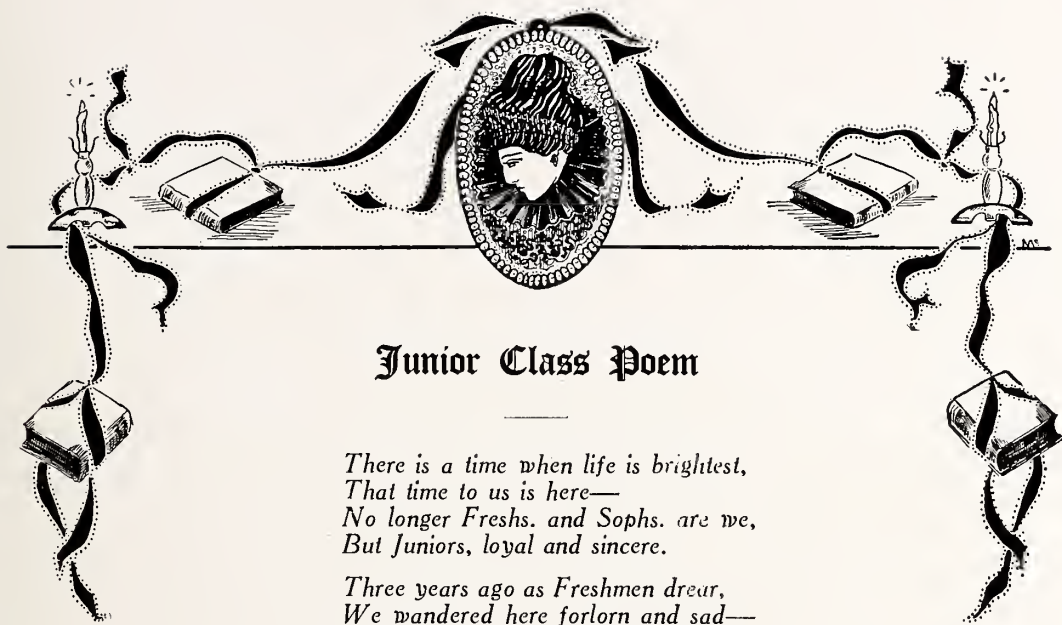
The second year we thought the most difficult of all our long journey, but here we were joined by five other pilgrims who cheered us over the steep mountains of Latin and the broad rivers of Math.

Now we are traveling on our third year's pilgrimage with a band of fourteen. There are some difficulties here, but taken as a whole, we consider it the most pleasant. It is very hard to answer the many questions asked us by Physics folks, but we always find one who is willing to help us out of our troubles. In traveling through this city the people seem to think that we ought to know everything and are amazed if we fail to answer any of their questions.

We think that this pilgrimage costs us very dearly, but we are willing to pay the price in order to reach our destination—the Senior Class.

HISTORIAN.





Junior Class Poem

*There is a time when life is brightest,
That time to us is here—
No longer Freshs. and Sophs. are we,
But Juniors, loyal and sincere.*

*Three years ago as Freshmen drear,
We wandered here forlorn and sad—
To reap the fruits of "Betsy" dear—
The one ambition that we had.*

*The next fall came and back were we,
Brimful of courage and strength;
We walked the halls and made our plans,
What Juniors we'd be at length.*

*Now here's a scene, a lovely scene—
Fourteen of us you view;
Each steadfast to her duties here;
Each one of us "true blue."*

*We float our colors, green and white,
To show our love and cheer;
Hoping for all, by the work we do,
We'll gain our Senior year.*

*Each one so gifted in her course,
How can she but succeed!
With thoughts of honors gained at last,
No fear and doubt we heed.*

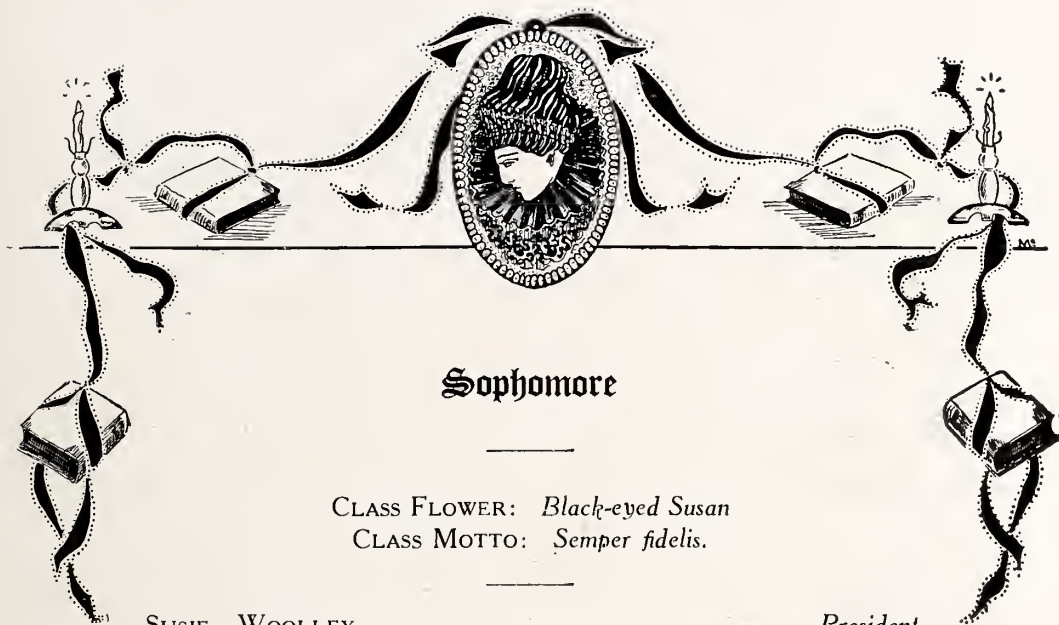
*We cannot stop and be content;
We have a higher aim—
We long for broader fields to reach,
Diplomas we would claim.*

*Come back, O Junior, strong and great!
For "Betsy" claims us all—
With all our hopes or future years,
We can but heed her call.*

HAMPTON A. STIREWALT, '13.



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore

CLASS FLOWER: *Black-eyed Susan*

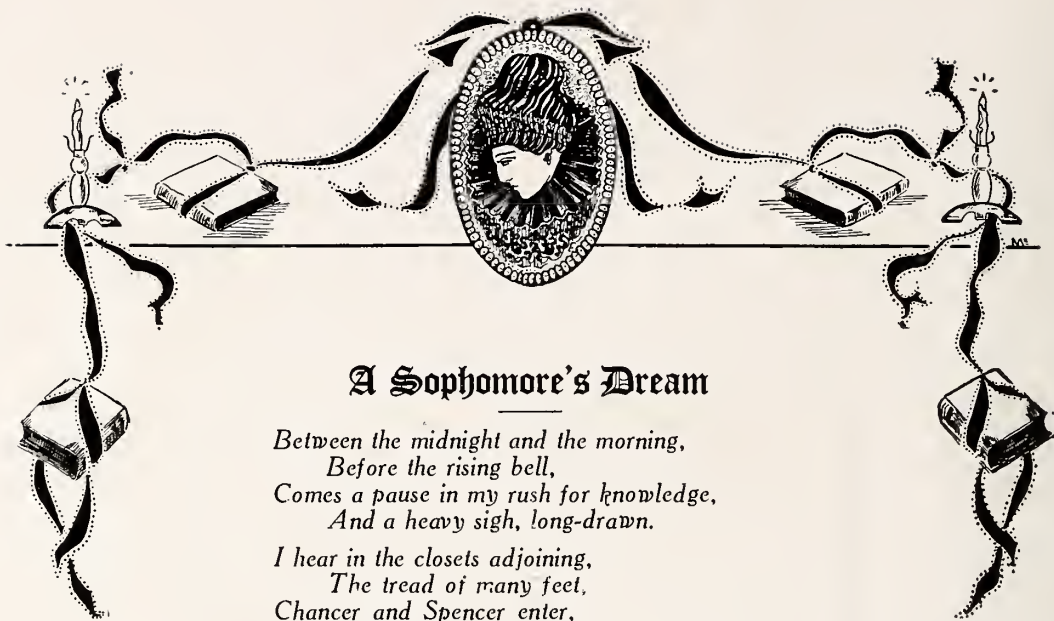
CLASS MOTTO: *Semper fidelis.*

SUSIE WOOLLEY.....	<i>President</i>
FRANCIS OSBORNE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
HARRIETT ORR.....	<i>Secretary</i>
SUSIE WOOLLEY.....	<i>Historian</i>
MAUDE BOYTE.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
HARRIETT ORR.....	<i>Poet</i>

ROLL

HARRIETT ORR	LILA SUMMER
MARIE LENTZ	OLIVE BRICE
FRANCIS OSBORNE	ANNIE B. ROPER
MAUDE BOYTE	DORA DAVIS
SUSIE WOOLLEY	





A Sophomore's Dream

*Between the midnight and the morning,
Before the rising bell,
Comes a pause in my rush for knowledge,
And a heavy sigh, long-drawn.*

*I hear in the closets adjoining,
The tread of many feet,
Chancer and Spencer enter,
My startled eyes to meet.*

*With candle dimmed eyes I see,
Climbing the window sill,
Grave Plantus and wise old Bergen,
Wentworth also is there.*

*A whisper and then a silence;
Yet I readily surmise,
They are plotting and planning together,
To take me by surprise.*

*They seat themselves beside me,
They come and surround my chair;
If I try to escape they grab me;
They seem to be everywhere.*

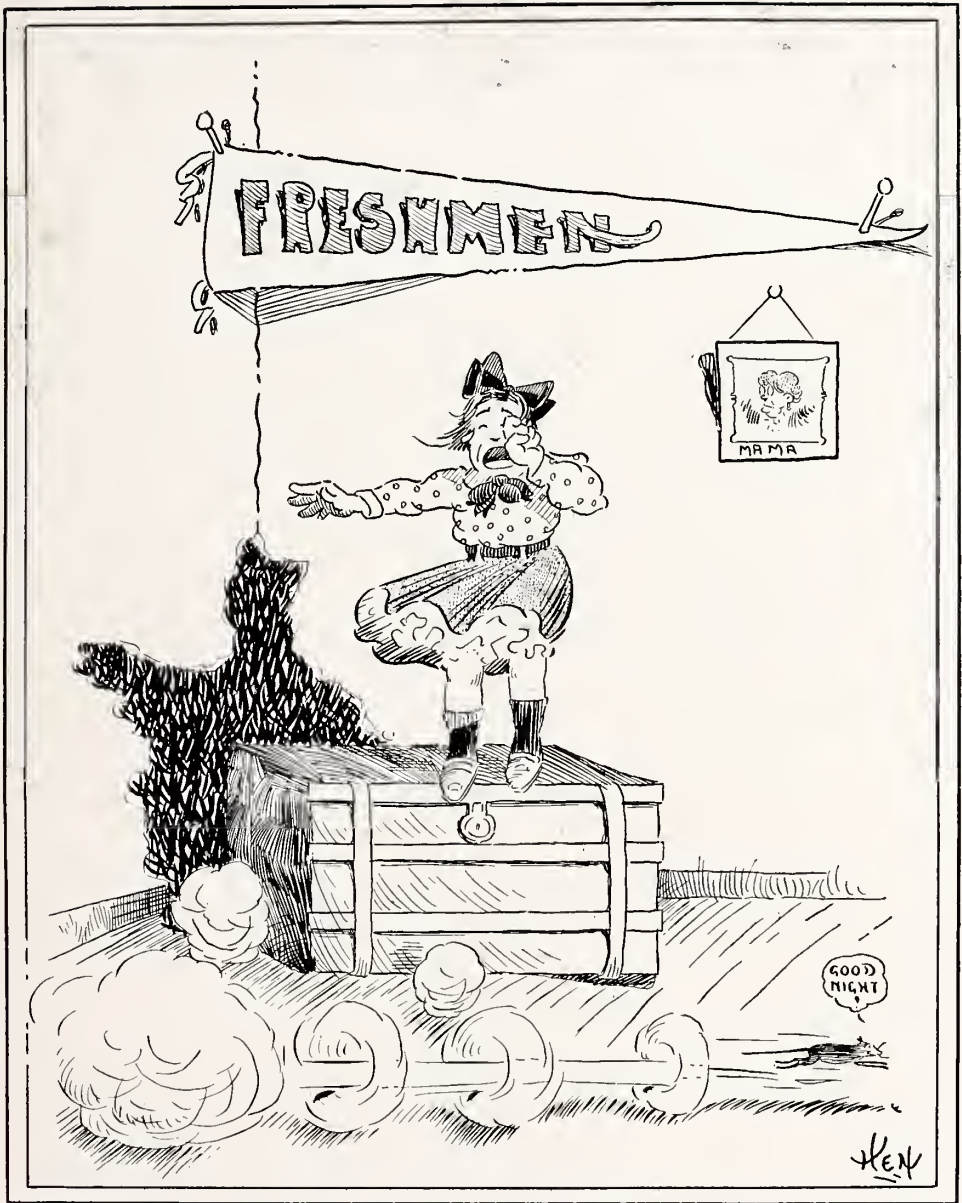
*They almost o'erpower me with knowledge,
They hold me down so fast,
That I fear they shall murder me out-right,
While they make me recite their useless tasks.*

*Do you think, O men so learned,
Because you have seen man's fall,
That such a Sophomore as I am
Is not a match for you all?*

*I have you in my power,
And will not let you depart,
But keep you within my prison,
While I master your wonderful art.*

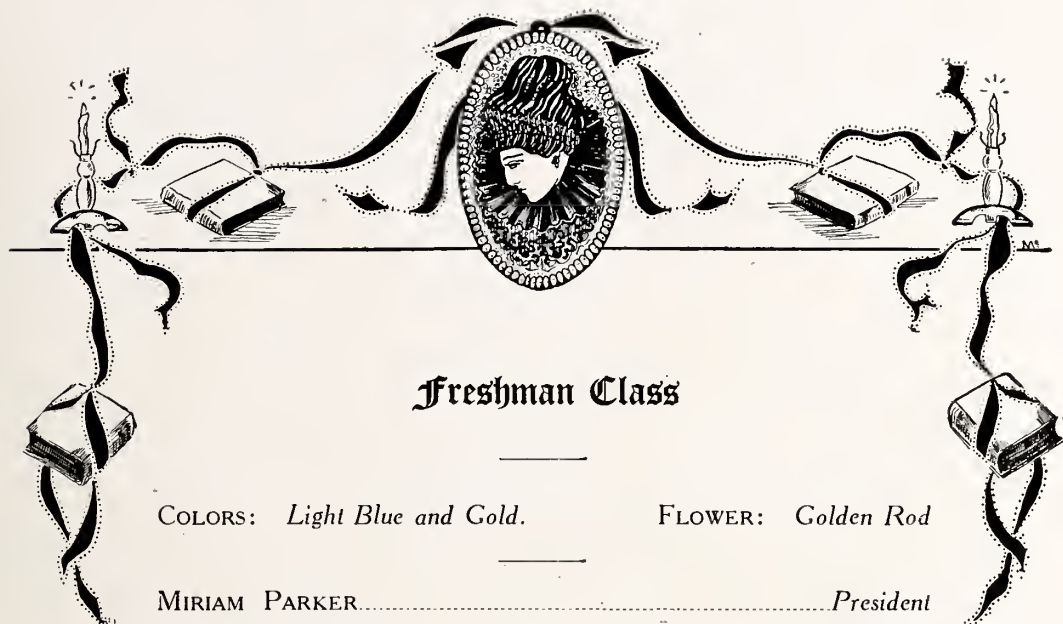
*And there will I hold you forever,
Yes, forever and a day—
But lo! the bell says "Seven-twenty,"
And frightens them all away!*

S. W.





FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class

COLORS: *Light Blue and Gold.*

FLOWER: *Golden Rod*

MIRIAM PARKER.....	President
KATHLEEN KEISTER.....	Treasurer
M. S. ALEXANDER.....	Secretary

MEMBERS

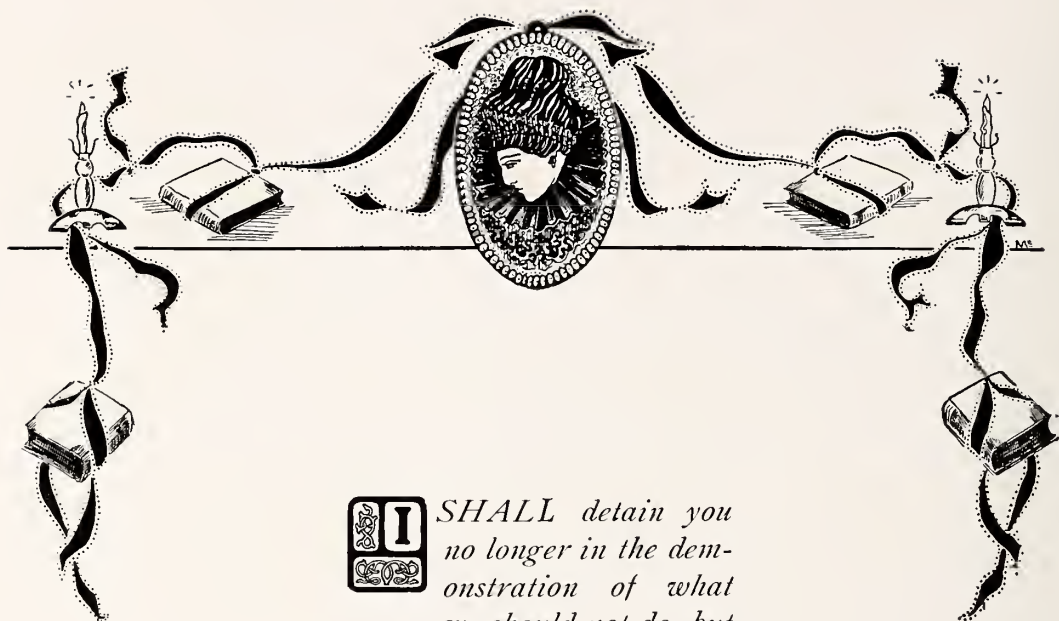
M. S. ALEXANDER
ELLEN BRICE

KATHLEEN KEISTER
BONNIE MAUNEY

MIRIAM PARKER

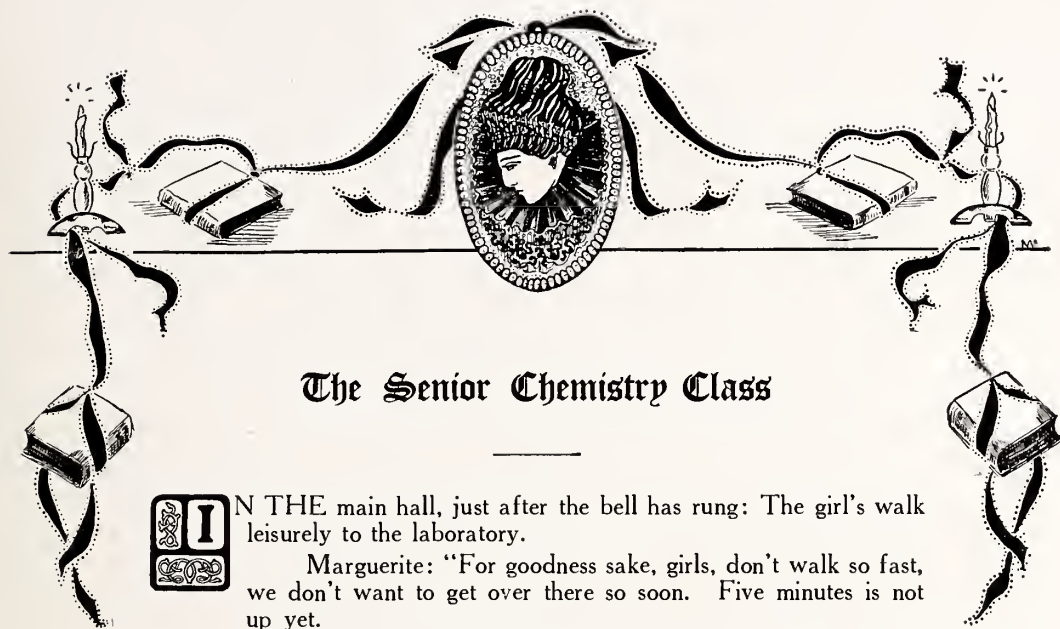
CLASS POEM

1. *Let's flee for our lives, O Freshies,
For here come the Sophomores, I see,
And I would that my hand could prevent them
From reeking their vengeance on me.*
2. *O well, for self-satisfied Juniors,
Who look on us Freshies with scorn,
O well, for the dignified Seniors,
Who are working from night until morn.*
3. *Time still drags on for the Freshmen,
It draws toward the close of the year,
How we long for our time to be Sophomores,
For our woe to be turned into cheer.*
4. *Let's keep on, keep on, O Freshmen,
And not give up in despair,
For in three more months we'll be Sophomores,
And it'll be our turn to pull Freshmen's hair.*



I SHALL detain you no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct ye to a hill-side, where I will point ye out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming."

JOHN MILTON



The Senior Chemistry Class

IN THE main hall, just after the bell has rung: The girls walk leisurely to the laboratory.

Marguerite: "For goodness sake, girls, don't walk so fast, we don't want to get over there so soon. Five minutes is not up yet.

The girls slacken their pace considerably, and look down the hallway.

Kat. Gose: "I wonder if she has gone over yet; no, there she is.

Miss Jackson passes them and hurries to the laboratory. The girls still walk lazily on.

After several minutes the girls straggle in and take their seats, all except Miss Hipp, who has not arrived.

Miss Jackson: "Girls, I just want to tell you that I don't find things looking very nice around here. I found a lot of test tubes here, and a beaker there, and just look over there," pointing to the table where there is a conglomeration of bottles, dishes, tubes, etc. While Miss Jackson is speaking she directs her gaze to Miss Bomar.

Margaret: Miss Jackson, we didn't do all of that, did we," speaking to the girls.

They all nod with a peculiar expression.

Miss Hipp walks in hurriedly.

Miss Jackson: "Miss Hipp, can't you be a little more prompt; why were you late?"

Miss Hipp (meekly): "Miss Jackson, I didn't hear the bell."

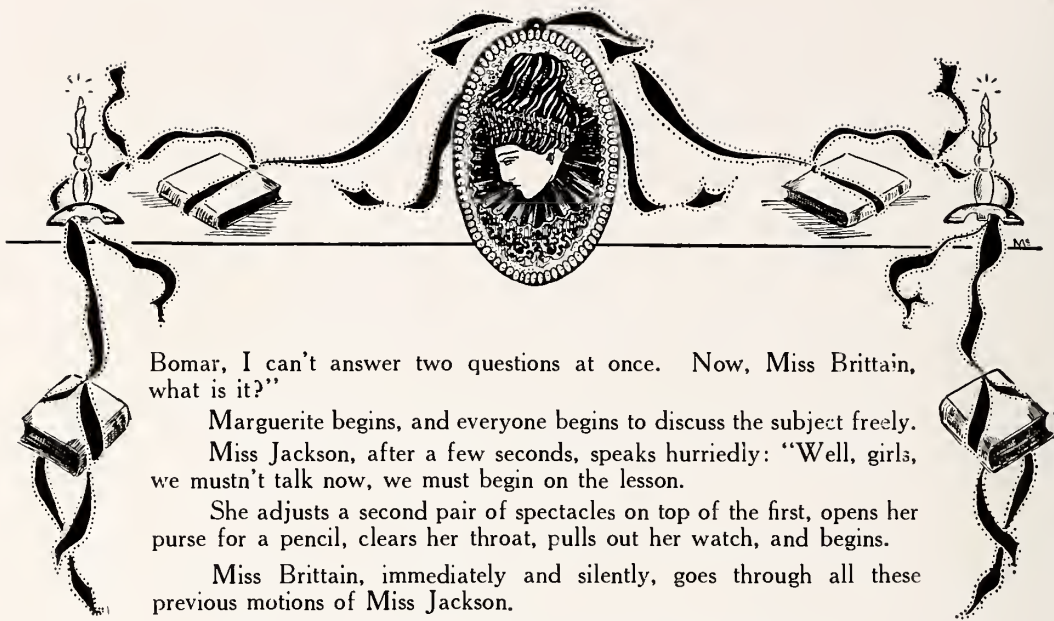
Miss Jackson: "Miss Hipp, I was just telling the girls that I didn't find things looking very well around here. Now, I don't like things looking this way.

Miss Hipp, who always takes pains to replace things after experiments: "Yes'm."

Marguerite: "What do you think is best to use for your hair, Miss Jackson?"

Margaret, before Miss Jackson has time to answer: "Miss Jackson, did you ever see any pure calcium?"

Miss Jackson fidgets and frowns furiously: "Wait a minute, Miss



Bomar, I can't answer two questions at once. Now, Miss Brittain, what is it?"

Marguerite begins, and everyone begins to discuss the subject freely.

Miss Jackson, after a few seconds, speaks hurriedly: "Well, girls, we mustn't talk now, we must begin on the lesson.

She adjusts a second pair of spectacles on top of the first, opens her purse for a pencil, clears her throat, pulls out her watch, and begins.

Miss Brittain, immediately and silently, goes through all these previous motions of Miss Jackson.

Miss Hipp and Miss Gose smile, but Miss Bomar giggles.

Miss Jackson looks up, clears her throat, and begins.

The lesson proceeds for some time.

After a few minutes, Miss Brittain goes through some more of her mimics.

This time Miss Bomar giggles pretty loud.

Miss Jackson turns around sharply: "Miss Bomar, what is the matter, there's nothing to laugh at."

Miss Bomar struggles, and finally succeeds in composing herself.

Mauguerite asks Miss Jackson a question, not bearing on the lesson.

Miss Jackson thinks awhile: "Yes, Miss Brittain, I think I have read somewhere about that; yes, yes, I think I remember now * * * yes * * * I think so, yes * * * yes, I think that's right." Turns quickly, readjusts her spectacles, etc. "Well, we mustn't take up that now."

"Miss ur-ur- Hipp ur Gose, what is * * * ?"

Miss Gose hesitates, and Miss Bomar's and Miss Brittain's hands immediately go up.

Miss Jackson frowns and rattles her foot, whereupon they take their hands down.

Miss Brittain puts her hand on her face and makes a curious and ridiculous expression, whereupon Miss Bomar giggles out freely.

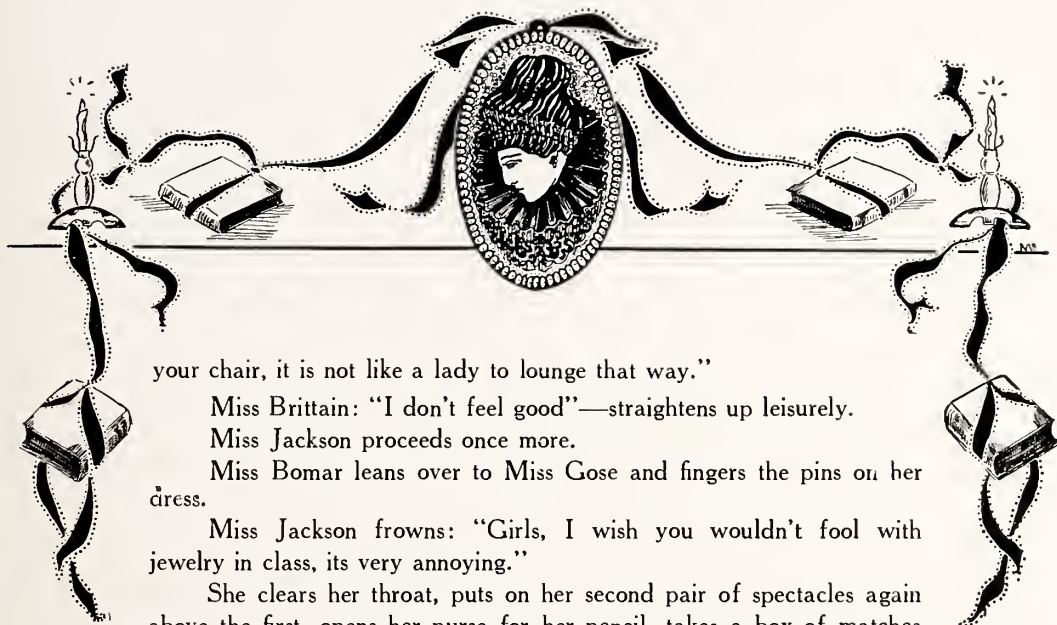
Miss Jackson turns sharply to her: "Miss Bomar if you can't stop laughing, you can be excused."

Miss Bomar succeeds once more to gain control over her facial muscles: "Yes'm."

The rest of the class take opportunity to laugh.

Miss Jackson scowls.

Miss Jackson: "Miss Brittain, you are not sitting very nicely in



your chair, it is not like a lady to lounge that way."

Miss Brittain: "I don't feel good"—straightens up leisurely.

Miss Jackson proceeds once more.

Miss Bomar leans over to Miss Gose and fingers the pins on her dress.

Miss Jackson frowns: "Girls, I wish you wouldn't fool with jewelry in class, its very annoying."

She clears her throat, puts on her second pair of spectacles again above the first, opens her purse for her pencil, takes a box of matches from the bosom of her waist, looks at her watch, and glances around the room before again proceeding.

Miss Brittain silently mimics these motions of Miss Jackson.

Miss Bomar, this time utterly convulsed, laughs out loud.

Miss Jackson: "Miss Bomar, you'll get zero on your lesson today."

Miss Bomar, thereupon gets very serious.

Miss Jackson finishes the work before time, and prepares to give problems to the class.

Miss Brittain: "Miss Jackson, please let us go today, we will be real quiet."

Miss Jackson: "Girls, I wish you wouldn't ask it, you know I can't let you go."

Try that first example on page 256.

The girls sigh and proceed on their work. They work for a few minutes when the bell rings. They all get up quickly and rush for the door.

Miss Jackson: "Wait a minute, girls, I haven't given the lesson. Take page 257-267."

Miss Brittain: "Miss Jackson, that's too much, just look at those equations."

Miss Jackson: "I can't help it, Miss Brittain, I can't shorten it."

The girls rush for the door, which they bang as hard as possible.

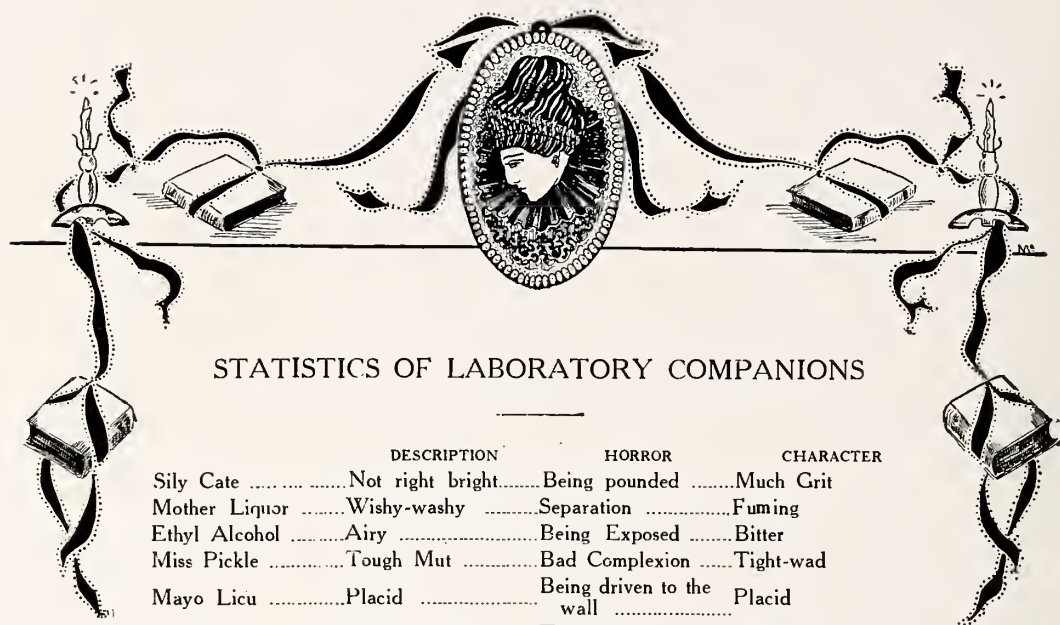
Marguerite: "I am so tired of this stuff; she makes me so nervous."

Margaret: "She makes me furious."

Kat. and Rose smile and say nothing.

(END)

M. H. B.



STATISTICS OF LABORATORY COMPANIONS

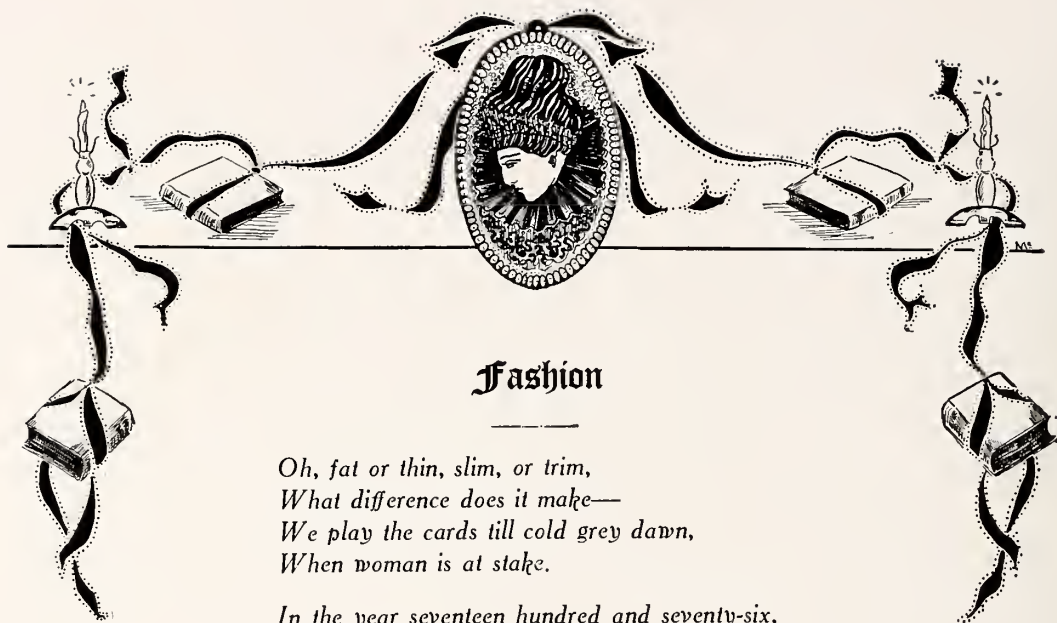
	DESCRIPTION	HORROR	CHARACTER
Sily Cate	Not right bright.....	Being pounded	Much Grit
Mother Liquor	Wishy-washy	Separation	Fuming
Ethyl Alcohol	Airy	Being Exposed	Bitter
Miss Pickle	Tough Mut	Bad Complexion	Tight-wad
Mayo Licu	Placid	Being driven to the wall	Placid
Anilene	Heavy weight	To be pale	Healthy
Alle-Lene	Fickle	To be influenced.....	Questionable
Ethyl Lene	Crabbit	Publicity	High tempered



MONDAY AT ELIZABETH



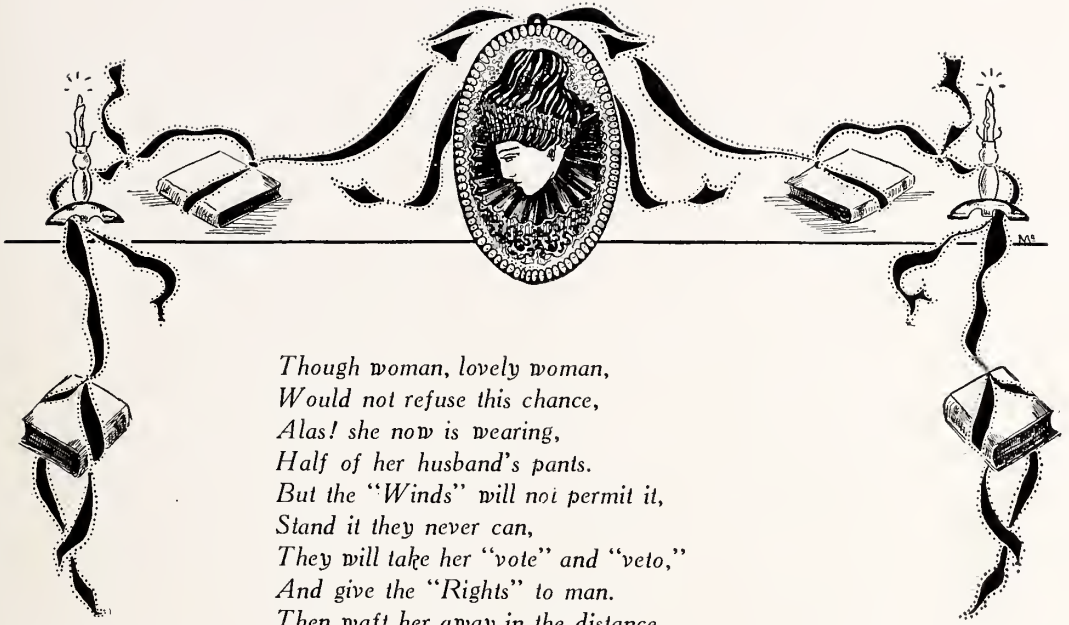
HALLIE MCKILLAR



Fashion

*Oh, fat or thin, slim, or trim,
What difference does it make—
We play the cards till cold grey dawn,
When woman is at stake.*

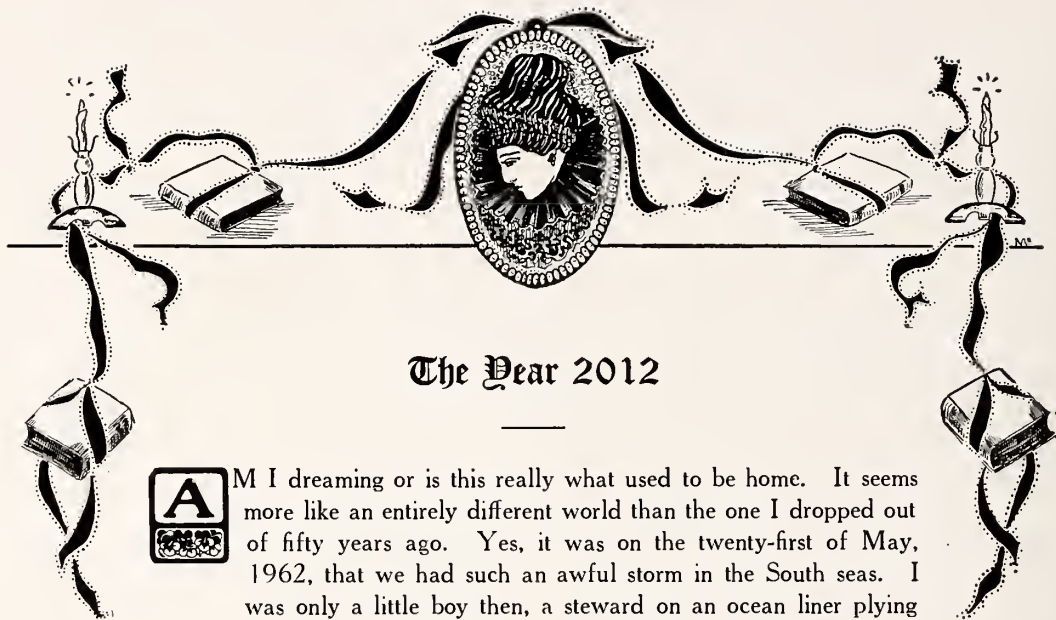
*In the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six,
Our women were plainly clad—
Their dresses were simply made to fit,
Whatever figure they had.
But as years go on we find a change—
A blue bow under the chin,
And now the ladies, short and tall,
Are anything but thin—
With pomps and puff and laces fine,
With ruffles, pompadore—
The lady who covers most of space,
Is the bell upon the floor.
In nineteen-ten there came a wind,
With mighty rush and roar,
Sweeping the pomps and ruffles
Away for ever more.
But Fashion would not be out done,
Once more she takes her place,
In among the slender girls
Who move with stately grace—
And for these dainty ladies,
Dame Fashion did'st design
A costume called the "Hobble Skirt,"
Some thought this act a crime—
But when with practical fingers
The "Tube" skirt she did make,
The people cried: "It is not true,
It can't be, it's a fake."*



*Though woman, lovely woman,
Would not refuse this chance,
Alas! she now is wearing,
Half of her husband's pants.
But the "Winds" will not permit it,
Stand it they never can,
They will take her "vote" and "veto,"
And give the "Rights" to man.
Then waft her away in the distance,
Away from the human eye,
Back to the garden of Eden,
Where mortals never pry—
Yes, back to the garden of Eden,
Where the very first style was planned,
And in a Torment of Fashion,
Our women shall ever land.*

I. McL.





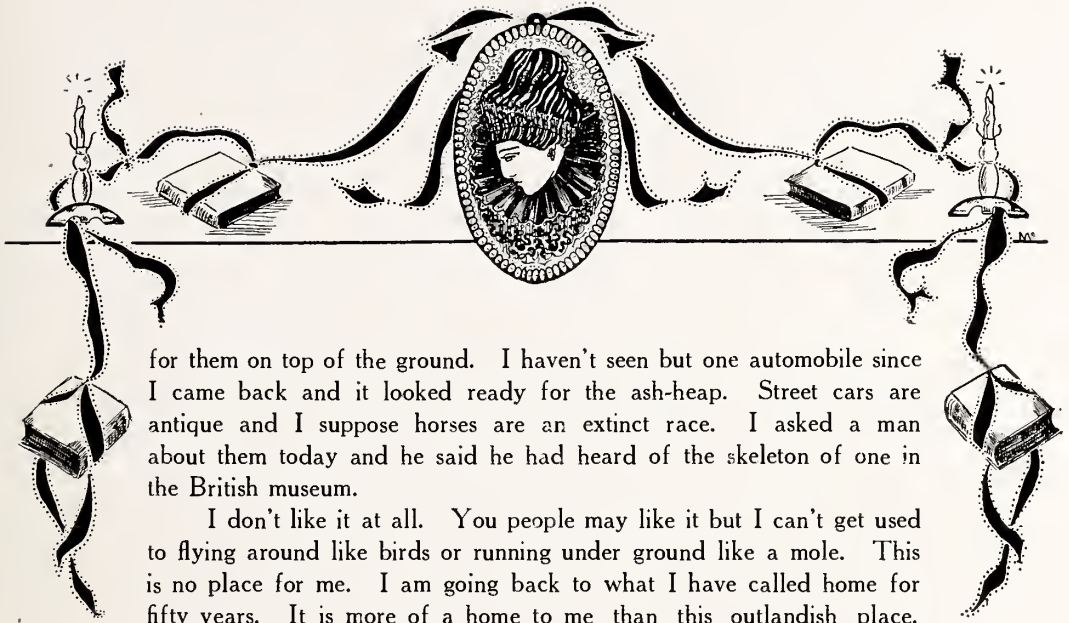
The Year 2012

AM I dreaming or is this really what used to be home. It seems more like an entirely different world than the one I dropped out of fifty years ago. Yes, it was on the twenty-first of May, 1962, that we had such an awful storm in the South seas. I was only a little boy then, a steward on an ocean liner plying between Valpariso and San Francisco. We were driven out of our course and struck on an unchartered coral reef. To my knowledge I was the only one who reached shore alive. It wouldn't be a long story to tell of fifty years on a desert island, neither would it be very exciting. Finally, after I had almost forgotten to hope, I was rescued, though I don't exactly think it is a rescue.

You people seem to think things are as natural as ever, but I can tell you it doesn't look that way to me. Instead of what was then called a floating palace like the *Mauritania* of the old days, the ships nowadays might be almost called floating nations. Though they travel fast enough for me, they say that they are too slow for any but the cheapest passengers. Those who travel in a hurry use their own private aerolimousines that make a trip, New York to London, in half an hour. Just think of that—our ships were doing well to make it in five days.

They don't do business on the solid earth any more. I bet there are some people who never saw any nice clean dirt or even heard of enough to make a flower bed. Every man has his aero-mobile. Even the newsboys have their wings, and I saw one lady going down town I suppose, floating along on a pair of fancy black wings edged with bead fringe. Behind her, at the end of a string, floated her poodle. Things are coming to pretty pass when even dogs fly.

I guess all they think the ground is good for is to cover with, buildings are several miles high. I notice they all have outside doors and little porches on each story. I could hardly find a building with an old fashioned elevator in it at all. A fellow with wings is not in it at all. Its a wonder to me that these big buildings don't smash the ground in for the earth is full of tunnel railroads. I suppose they don't have room



for them on top of the ground. I haven't seen but one automobile since I came back and it looked ready for the ash-heap. Street cars are antique and I suppose horses are an extinct race. I asked a man about them today and he said he had heard of the skeleton of one in the British museum.

I don't like it at all. You people may like it but I can't get used to flying around like birds or running under ground like a mole. This is no place for me. I am going back to what I have called home for fifty years. It is more of a home to me than this outlandish place. If this is what civilization has come to I think I had rather be a savage all the rest of my life. I guess I had better hurry or some of these bird people will get there first and carry it off as a curiosity or else civilize it before I can put up "No Trespass" signs.





DRAMATIC CLUB



Dramatic Club

IRENE McCLEOD.....President
JOE KINARD.....Vice-President
ELIZABETH VAN POOLE.....Treasurer

MOTTO:

*Whatever you are, be that.
Whatever you say, be true.
Straight forwardly act, be honest, in fact.
Be nobody else but you.*

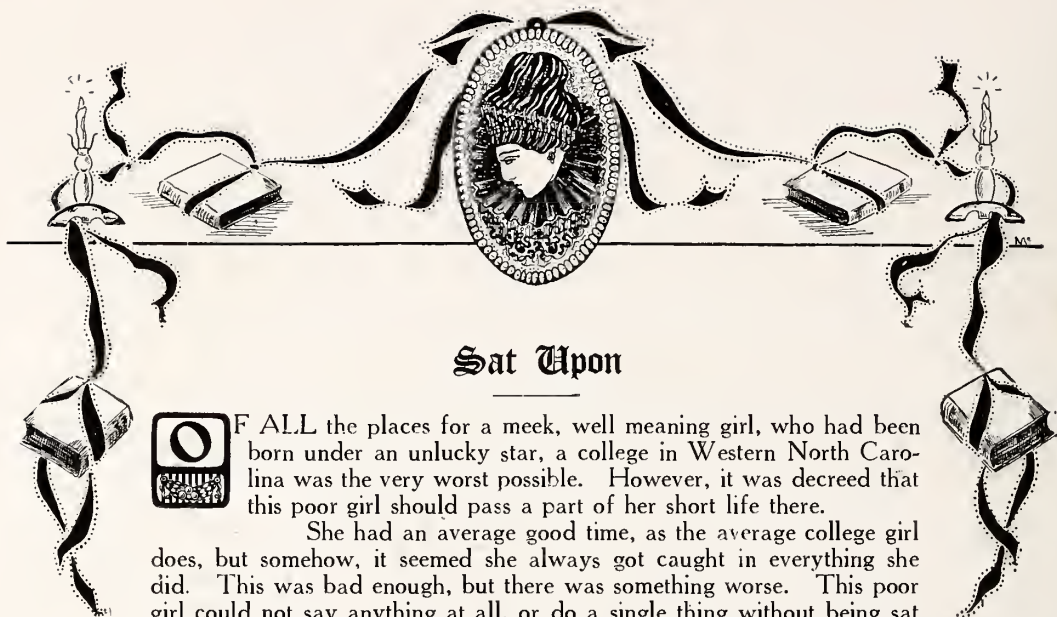
MEMBERS

GRACE GRADDICK
NOVICE HAIGLER
JOE KINARD
VIRGINIA LILLARD
ELISE WALLACE

HULDA JAHNZ
ELIZABETH VAN POOLE
IRENE McCLEOD
BLANCHE MILLERSHAM
EUGENIA RUSSELL

*If all this world were Seniors,
With colors red and white,
What could the poor little Juniors do,
But have night mares each night?*

I. McL.



Sat Upon

OF ALL the places for a meek, well meaning girl, who had been born under an unlucky star, a college in Western North Carolina was the very worst possible. However, it was decreed that this poor girl should pass a part of her short life there.

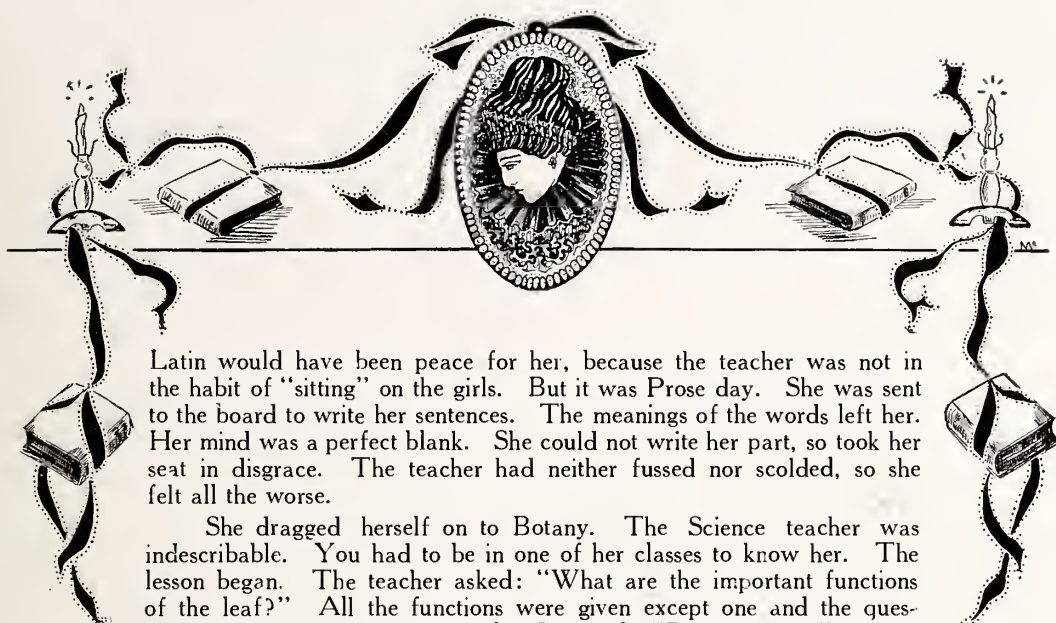
She had an average good time, as the average college girl does, but somehow, it seemed she always got caught in everything she did. This was bad enough, but there was something worse. This poor girl could not say anything at all, or do a single thing without being sat upon by somebody. It seemed that she always said the wrong thing in the wrong place, no matter how hard she tried not to. The state of affairs seemed hopeless. She tried to do right and please all her teachers, but it was impossible. The unexpected always happened, no matter how careful she was. Just to show you how unfortunate she was, I will tell you, as briefly as I can, how she got through one day at the college.

The faculty of this particular college was varied. It had been called the "Model Faculty" by somebody, but the girl felt sure that the person who had called it that, had not taken the A.B. course. Each teacher had her own peculiar ways (some of which could not be suited). The girl determined to try in spite of this.

The day began, as is usual in colleges, with the rising bell. She really meant to get up then, but somehow things turned out that she didn't. But when the breakfast bell rang she was ready, after a fashion. As she went down the dining room, she felt the eyes of all the teachers upon her. It wasn't her fault because her shoes were not buttoned, and she had on a long coat. Afterwards, in cleaning up her room, her hopes rose a little, but as she unconsciously swept the dirt out into the hall, she heard a dreadful voice: "Are you sweeping the whole school?" Then she was ordered to sweep that dirt right back into that room and never do so again.

The first class happened to be History. The text-book, Foreman's "Advanced Civics," was extremely hard, and although she had studied her lesson for fully three hours, she could not tell the Constitution of the United States from beginning to end, and so was "sat upon," and scolded so much that she prayed for death. Sorrowfully, she wended her way into English. This class was a terrible ordeal. She barely existed during this period on account of her mortal fear of the teacher. The lesson began, everything went smoothly for awhile. Then something happened. The poor creature could not suppress a faint giggle. Then, silence. She hardly dared lift her head. The teacher was gazing at her with a fixed, penetrating stare. If prayers had done any good she would have gone through the floor. After an interminable length of times he averted her gaze and her victim began to breathe freely.

The next class was Latin, and it was Prose day. But for this,



Latin would have been peace for her, because the teacher was not in the habit of "sitting" on the girls. But it was Prose day. She was sent to the board to write her sentences. The meanings of the words left her. Her mind was a perfect blank. She could not write her part, so took her seat in disgrace. The teacher had neither fussed nor scolded, so she felt all the worse.

She dragged herself on to Botany. The Science teacher was indescribable. You had to be in one of her classes to know her. The lesson began. The teacher asked: "What are the important functions of the leaf?" All the functions were given except one and the question was passed on to our friend. She said: "Photosynthesis"; which was correct. Then the teacher asked her to describe a certain process. The girl said respectfully: "I don't know how." Quick as a flash—teacher: "I don't think you do." Girl: "I don't think so either." Teacher: "Well, hush up about it." Girl: "I think I will." Teacher: "I will give you zero for today, and if you say another word, I'll give you zero tomorrow." Girl: "I don't care if you do."

This is what the poor girl had to go through with for two or three hours every day of the week. She never did do a thing to deserve such treatment, but she always got it.

She had finished for the day except for one class after lunch. This class, French. She went in, the teacher was in a grand humor, and joked and talked with the girls. All at once she straightened up, became as strict and stern as possible, "sat on" the girls right and left, and sent this girl out of the room, reported her for impudence, and she had not done a thing. The girl's mind was in a maze, for she could not understand such a change in any human being.

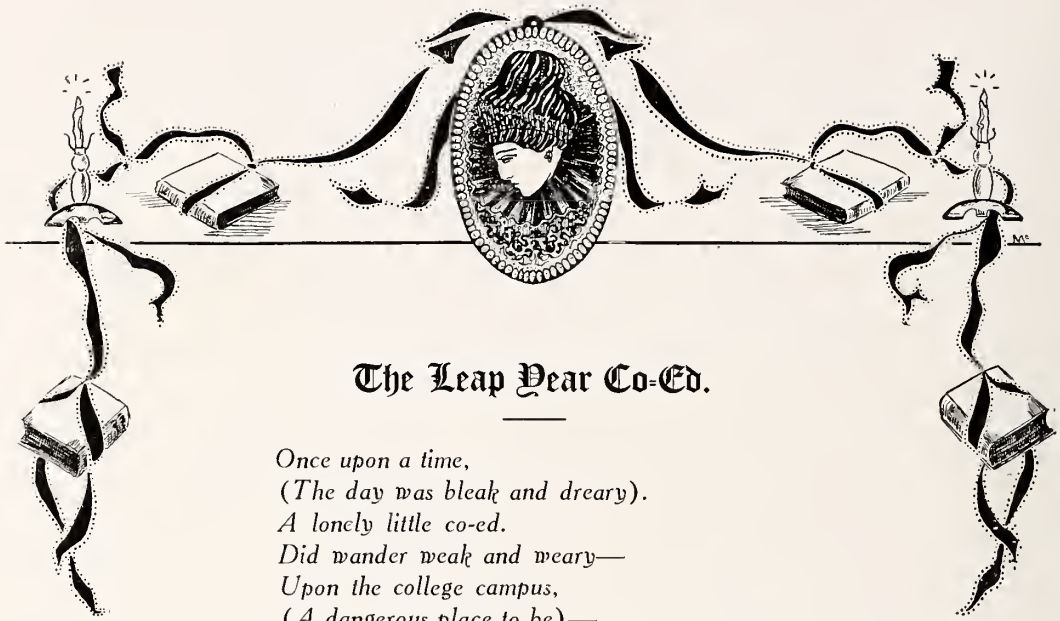
School was over and she started to walk with her "heart." She had hardly gotten back when someone told her the lady principal wanted to see her right away in her room. Rapidly going over the day in her mind, she suddenly remembered that she had forgotten to register for walking. There was no use trying to explain, for it was impossible to get in a word edge-wise. She came out convinced that the rule for registering was like the law of the "Medes and Persians," and must not be broken.

It was ages 'til the lights went out that night. After fervently praying never to pass such another day, she sank into merciful slumber.

J. V.

*Here's to Elizabeth, where girl's have climbed,
From an unburnished state to that of refined
Where the sad are made glad, the careless sedate,
To Elizabeth, down South, in the Old North State.*

I. McL.

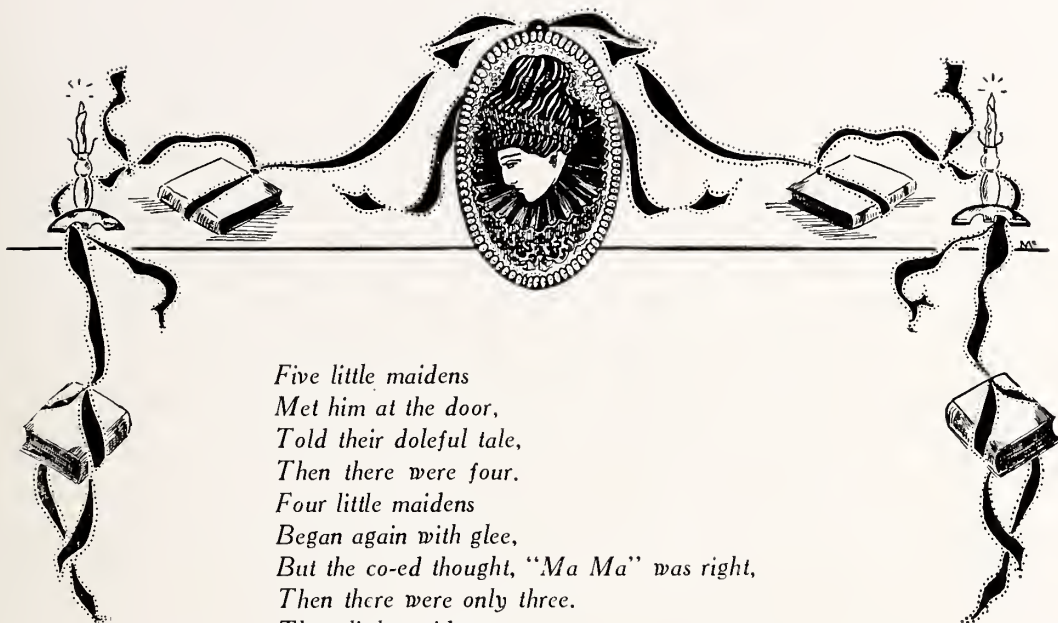


The Leap Year Co-Ed.

Once upon a time,
(The day was bleak and dreary).
A lonely little co-ed,
Did wander weak and weary—
Upon the college campus,
(A dangerous place to be)—
But "Hamp," though very timid,
Those college girls would see.
He smiled at them so sweetly—
Thought each girl—"I'll propose,
It's Leap Year, and my privilege,
My fighting chance—here goes"

* * * * *

So—ten little maidens
For "Hampton" did repine,
But when he said: "How sudden!"
There were only nine.
Nine little maidens,
Would not accept their fate,
But when he blushed a crimson red—
There were only eight.
Eight little maidens—(could not resist)
His eyes as blue as heaven,
But when the drooping lids arose—
There were only seven.
Seven little maidens,
Did try coquettish tricks,
But when he said: "Go ask Ma Ma,"
There were only six.
Six little maidens
Much encouraged, did strive,
But when "Ma Ma" would not consent,
There were only five.



Five little maidens
Met him at the door,
Told their doleful tale,
Then there were four.
Four little maidens
Began again with glee,
But the co-ed thought, "Ma Ma" was right,
Then there were only three.
Three little maidens
Sighing, said: "What shall we do?"
"Hamp" said: "The other fellow"—
Then there were only two.
Two little maidens
Would not be outdone,
But when he said: "I'm not for you"—
There was only one.
One little maiden
Left alone in the run,
But when he gently said: "Bye Bye."
There was only * * * * * none!
* * * * *
O fickle co-ed, why do you
Keep all the girls a guessin'?
And Leap Year girls, may this to you,
Be even more a lessin'.

I. McL.



DIATELEAN LITERARY SOCIETY





The Diatelean Literary Society

FLOWER: *Violet*

MOTTO: *Ad astra per aspera*

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

ROSALYN HIPPI.....*President*
 KATRINA GOSE.....*Vice-President*
 NOVICE HAIGLER.....*Rec. Secretary*
 RUTH KEISTER.....*Cor. Secretary*
 NATALIE RUGHEIMER.....*Treasurer*
 ERNESTINE GRAICHEN.....*First Critic*
 ELIZABETH VAN POOLE.....*Second Critic*
 ROSAMOND LUCAS.....*Censor*
 LILA SUMMER.....*Librarian*
 JESSICA VANN.....
 GLADYS THOMPSON.....
 HILDA CONYERS.....
 MARJORIE ELIOT.....

SECOND TERM

MARGUERITE BRITTAIN
 RUTH KEISTER
 ELIZABETH VAN POOLE
 IDA EFIRD
 NATALIE RUGHEIMER
 ERNESTINE GRAICHEN
 JESSICA VANN
 ROSAMOND LUCAS
 LILA SUMMER
 ...BONNIE MAUNEY
 ...CARRIE KOOPMAN
 ...HILDA CONYERS
 ...MARJORIE ELIOT

MEMBERS

Mary Stuart Alexander
 Margaret Bomar
 Marguerite Brittain
 Julia May Caldwell
 Hilda Conyers
 Agnes Council
 Nannie Dowdell
 Bernice Efird
 Ida Efird
 Majorie Eliot
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 Maud Gray

Myrtle Gray
 Earnestine Graichen
 Novice Haigler
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 Marie Jahnz
 Ruth Keister
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 Virginia Lillard
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 Rosamond Lucas
 Lucile Mason
 Bonnie Mauney

Jessica Vann
 Irene McLeod
 Lerline Mowery
 Miriam Parker
 Clarice Poff
 Violet Rankin
 Annie B. Roper
 Charlotte Rucker
 Natalie Rugheimer
 Kathleen Sterne
 Susie Sterne
 Lila Summer
 Gladys Thompson
 Elizabeth Van Poole



Diatelean Song

*Come now, Diateleans strong,
Every one join in the song,
Of purple, lilac, colors true,
Forever dear to me and you.*

REFRAIN

*Oh, Diatelean, name so dear,
Which we'll forever love to hear!
With filial love our bosoms swell,
We'll ever guard thy safety well.*

*Our motto should us each inspire
A higher, truer life to acquire.
We love to hear its words proclaimed,
"Ad astra per aspera."*

REFRAIN

*The modest violet so pure,
Which for our flower we procure,
Is teaching us on bended knee
Of innocence and purity.*

REFRAIN

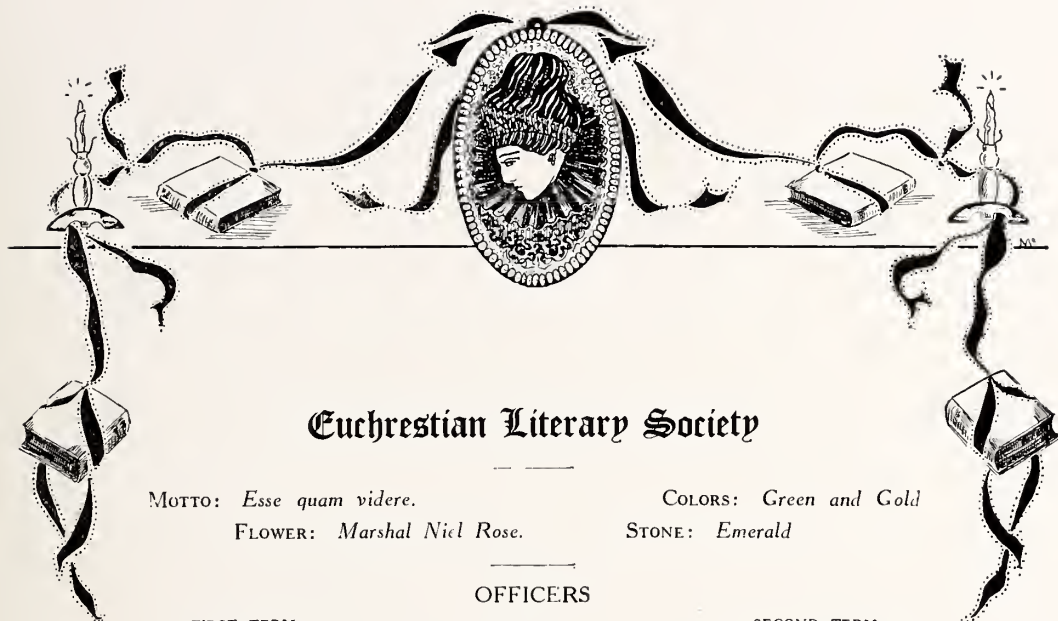


DIATELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY HALL



EUCHRESTIAN LITERARY SOCIETY





Euchrestian Literary Society

MOTTO: *Esse quam videre.*

COLORS: *Green and Gold*

FLOWER: *Marshall Niel Rose.*

STONE: *Emerald*

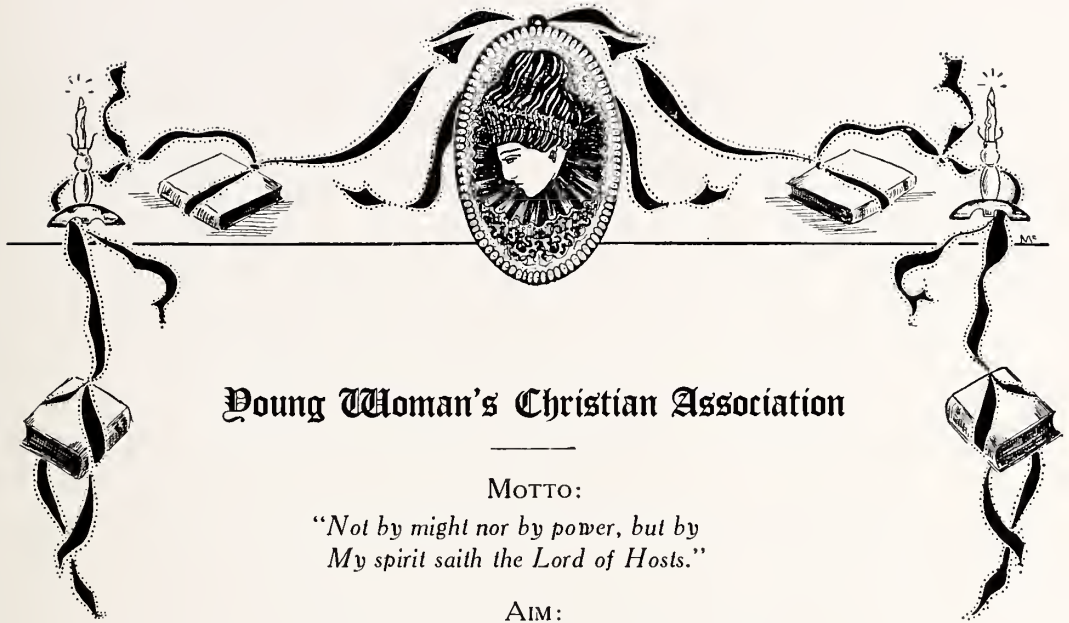
OFFICERS

FIRST TERM		SECOND TERM	
CORA STANCILL.....	<i>President</i>	CORA STANCILL.....	
WILLIE ANDERSON.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	WILLIE ANDERSON.....	
LAURA HEARNE.....	<i>Rec. Secretary</i>	LAURA HEARNE.....	
BLANCHE SIMMONS.....	<i>Cor. Secretary</i>	BLANCHE SIMMONS.....	
ANNA THOMAS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	ANNA THOMAS.....	
KATHERINE VOLLERS.....	<i>First Critic</i>	VIOLA BUCKLER.....	
HARRIET ORR.....	<i>Second Critic</i>	HARRIET ORR.....	
ETHEL WEBB.....	<i>Censor</i>	ETHEL WEBB.....	
SUSIE WOOLLEY.....	} <i>Managers of Hall</i> ...	VIRGINIA JONES.....	
JENNIE WATSON.....		OLIVE SPINKS.....	
EVA PAGE.....	} <i>Pages</i>	RUTH HEARNE.....	
MARY RHYNE.....		GRACE GRADDICK.....	
MILDRED TUNIS.....	<i>Librarian</i>	KATHERINE VOLLERS.....	

MEMBERS

Willie Anderson	Dollie Lee	Kathryne Staner
Margie Asbury	Marie Lentz	Martha Slaton
Maude Boyette	Sara Moseley	Olive Spinks
Viola Buckler	Howeese McCausland	Mildred Tunis
Hallie Covington	Frances Osborne	Anna Thomas
Elizabeth Cole	Harriet Orr	Katherine Vollers
Grace Graddick	Lillian Philpot	Elise Wallace
Ruth Hearne	Eva Page	Mary Lizzie Wise
Bess Heilig	Mary Rhyne	Ethel Webb
Laura Hearne	Blanche Simmons	Susie Woolley
Virginia Jones	Cora Stancill	Jennie Watson
Mildred Jenkins		Velda Young





Young Woman's Christian Association

MOTTO:

*"Not by might nor by power, but by
My spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."*

AIM:

*To bring girls to Christ; to train up girls
in Christ; to send out girls for Christ.*

OFFICERS

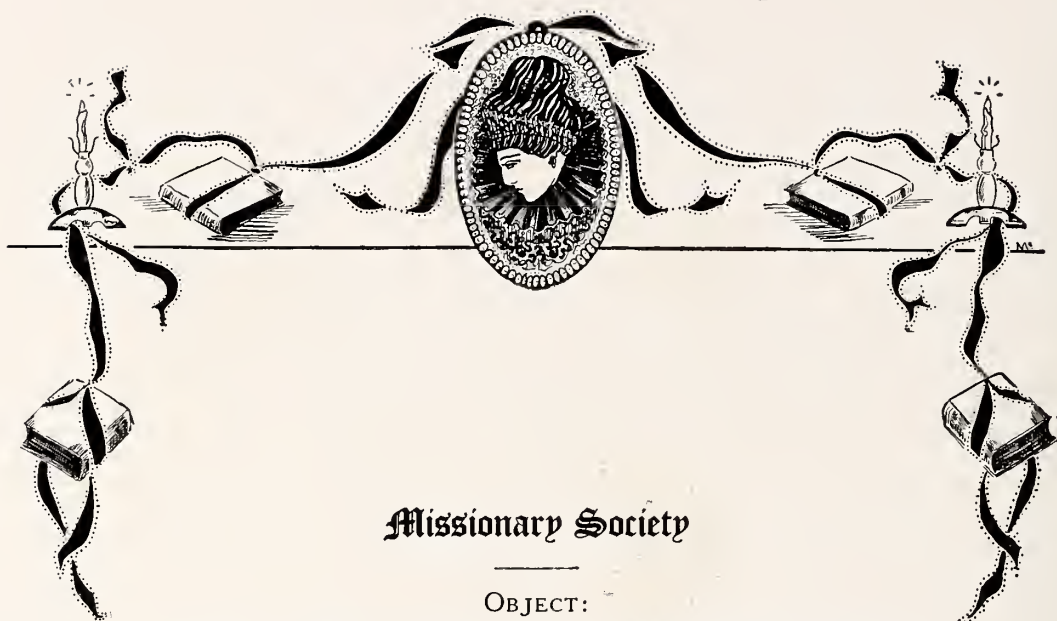
KATRINA GOSE.....	<i>President</i>
ETHEL WEBB.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
SUSIE WOOLLEY.....	<i>Secretary</i>
KATHERINE VOLLERS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

CABINET MEMBERS

KATRINA GOSE	NOVICE HAIGLER
ETHEL WEBB	KATHRINE VOLLERS
LILA SUMMERS	SUSIE WOOLLEY
JOE KINARD	ANNA THOMAS

The Young Woman's Christian Association of Elizabeth College, is a part of our college life which develops the highest and best in us. The monthly meetings, mid-week prayer service and the cabinet meetings, are that spiritual side of our life which is openly manifested. It is our ambition that our influence, as a bond of girls united in this work, may not cease until it has encircled the earth. We want to be numbered among those who send or carry the truth to those who know it not.

Our social vents, too, including the reception in the fall to the new girls, and the birthday parties during the session, are a source of pleasure to all, and bring us closer together and to a realization of what a privilege it is to be able to do something for others.



Missionary Society

OBJECT:

To promote intelligent, active interest in the General Work of Missions.

OFFICERS

NOVICE HAIGLER.....	<i>President</i>
LAURA HEARNE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ANNA THOMAS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
RUTH KEISTER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

MISSION CLASS

Our general aim of Mission Study is to develop missionary character. We have five mission classes in school and have found them not only interesting, but profitable as well. Miss Gose's class studied "The Decisive Hour of Christian Missions," by John R. Mott; Miss Woolley's class studied "Western Women in Eastern Lands," by Helen Montgomery; Miss Haigler's class "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom," by J. H. DeForest; Miss Rugheimer's class "India Awakening," by Eddy; while Miss Stancill's class studied "The Unoccupied Fields of Africa and Asia," by Samuel L. Werner.



ATHLETIC



Athletic Officers

CORA STANCILL.....	<i>President</i>
KATRINA GOSE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
KATHERINE VOLLERS.....	<i>Secretary</i>
RUTH KEISTER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

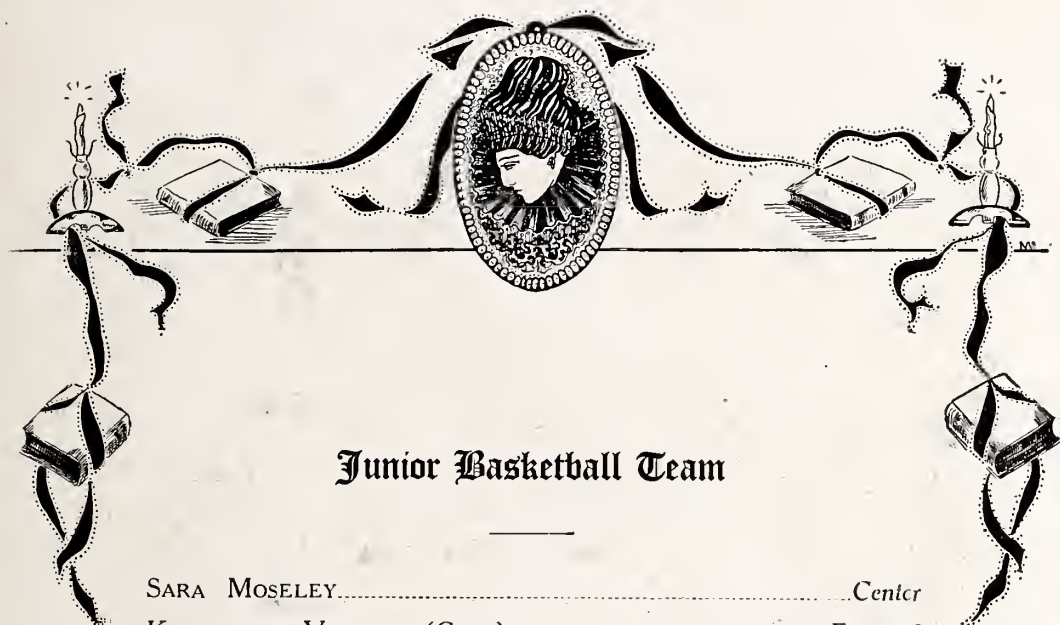


Senior Basketball Team

KATRINA GOSE (Capt.).....	Center
MARGUERITE BRITTAIN.....	Forward
IRENE MCLEOD.....	Goal
WILLIE ANDERSON.....	Guard
ROSAMOND LUCAS.....	Guard



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM



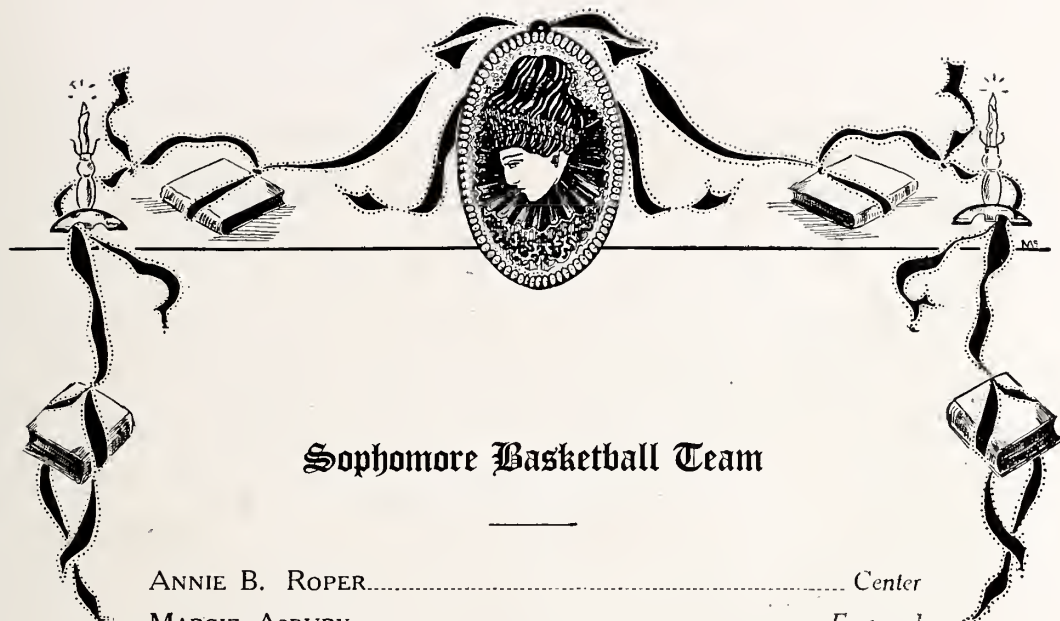
Junior Basketball Team

SARA MOSELEY.....	Center
KATHERINE VOLLERS (Capt.).....	Forward
JESSICA VANN.....	Goal
RUTH KEISTER.....	Guard
IDA EFIRD.....	Guard





SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM



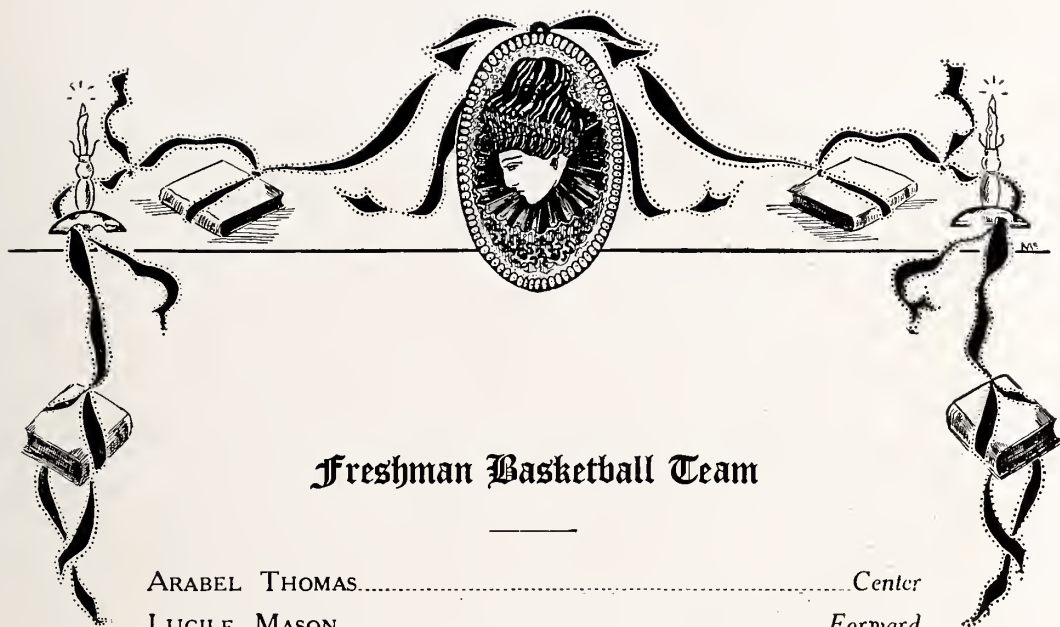
Sophomore Basketball Team

ANNIE B. ROPER.....	Center
MARGIE ASBURY.....	Forward
SUSIE WOOLLEY (Capt.).....	Goal
LILA SUMMER.....	Guard
RUTH BENNETT.....	Guard





FRESHMAN BASKETBALL TEAM



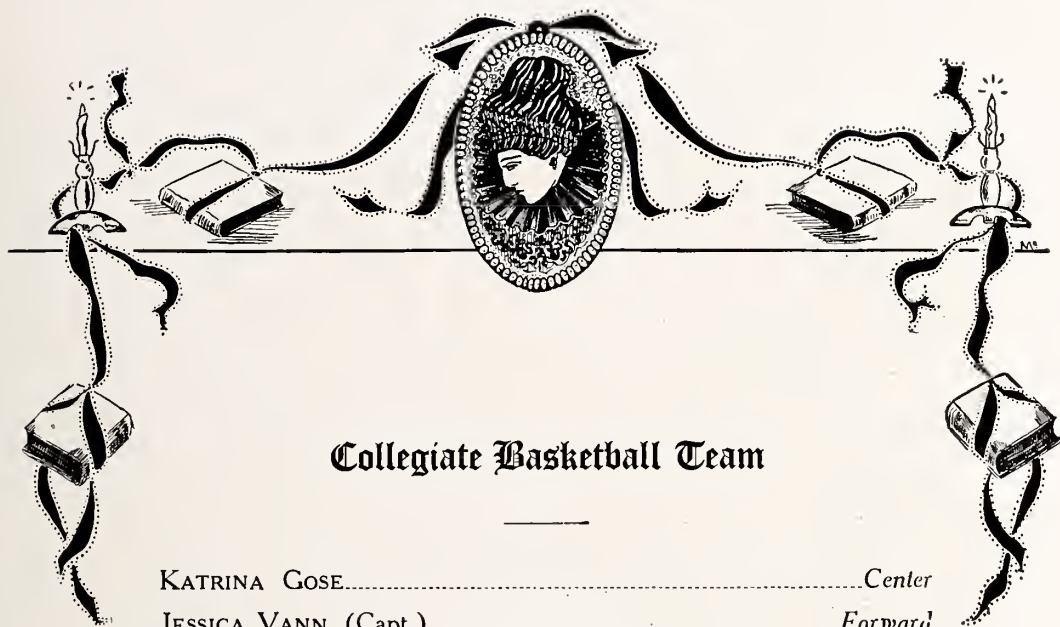
Freshman Basketball Team

ARABEL THOMAS.....	Center
LUCILE MASON.....	Forward
MARY STUART ALEXANDER (Capt.).....	Goal
BONNIE MAUNEY.....	Guard
NANNIE DOWDELL.....	Guard





COLLEGIATE BASKETBALL TEAM

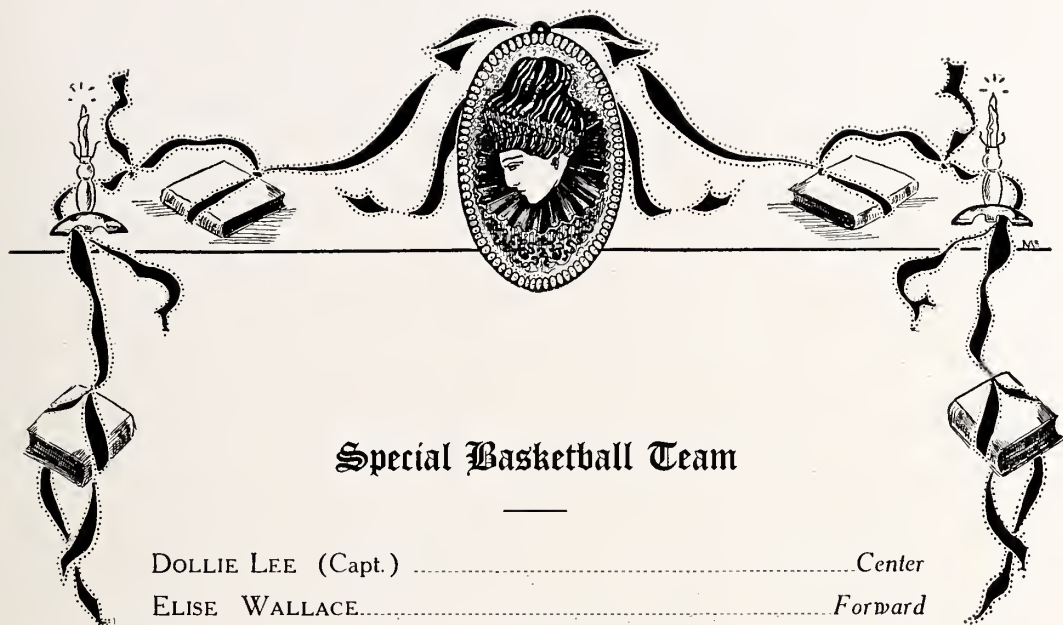


KATRINA GOSE.....	<i>Center</i>
JESSICA VANN (Capt.).....	<i>Forward</i>
IRENE McLEOD.....	<i>Goal</i>
RUTH KEISTER.....	<i>Guard</i>
WILLIE ANDERSON.....	<i>Guard</i>
SARA MOSELEY.....	<i>Center</i>





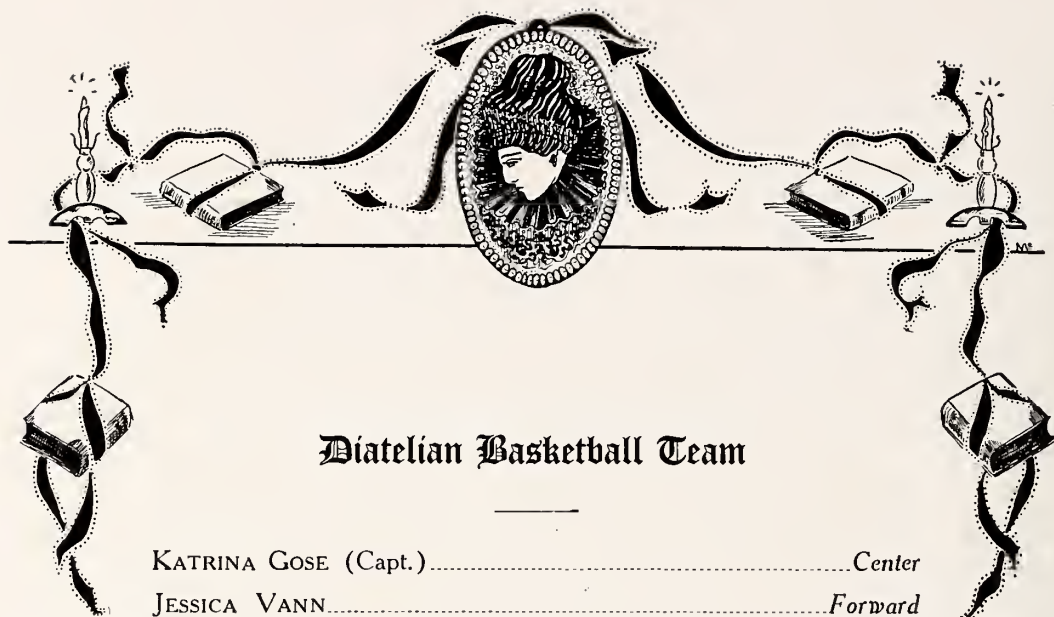
SPECIAL BASKETBALL TEAM



Special Basketball Team

DOLLIE LEE (Capt.)	Center
ELISE WALLACE.....	Forward
MARGIE ASBURY.....	Goal
AGNES COUNCIL.....	Guard
GLADYS THOMPSON.....	Guard
MILDRED TUNIS.....	Center





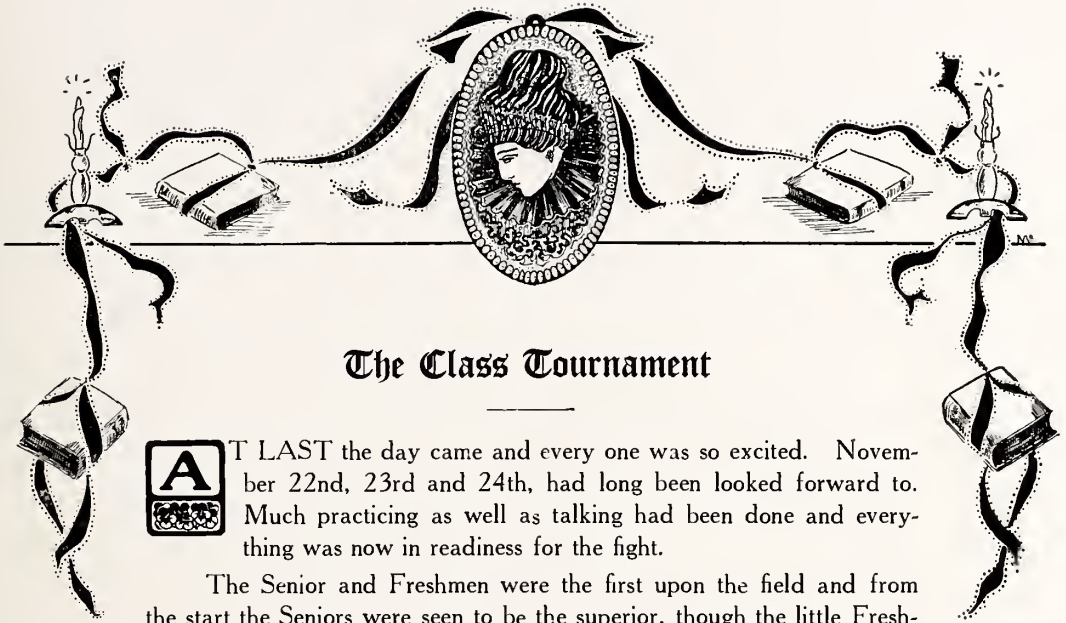
Diatelian Basketball Team

KATRINA GOSE (Capt.).....	Center
JESSICA VANN.....	Forward
IRENE MCLEOD.....	Goal
RUTH KEISTER.....	Guard
AGNES COUNCIL.....	Guard

Euchrestian Basketball Team

SARA MOSELEY.....	Center
SUSIE WOOLLEY.....	Forward
KATHERINE VOLLERS.....	Goal
WILLIE ANDERSON (Capt.).....	Guard
JENNIE WATSON.....	Guard





The Class Tournament

AT LAST the day came and every one was so excited. November 22nd, 23rd and 24th, had long been looked forward to. Much practicing as well as talking had been done and everything was now in readiness for the fight.

The Senior and Freshmen were the first upon the field and from the start the Seniors were seen to be the superior, though the little Freshmen played well, and as the score was slowly but surely increasing on the board, time was called leaving the score 40-11 in favor of the Seniors.

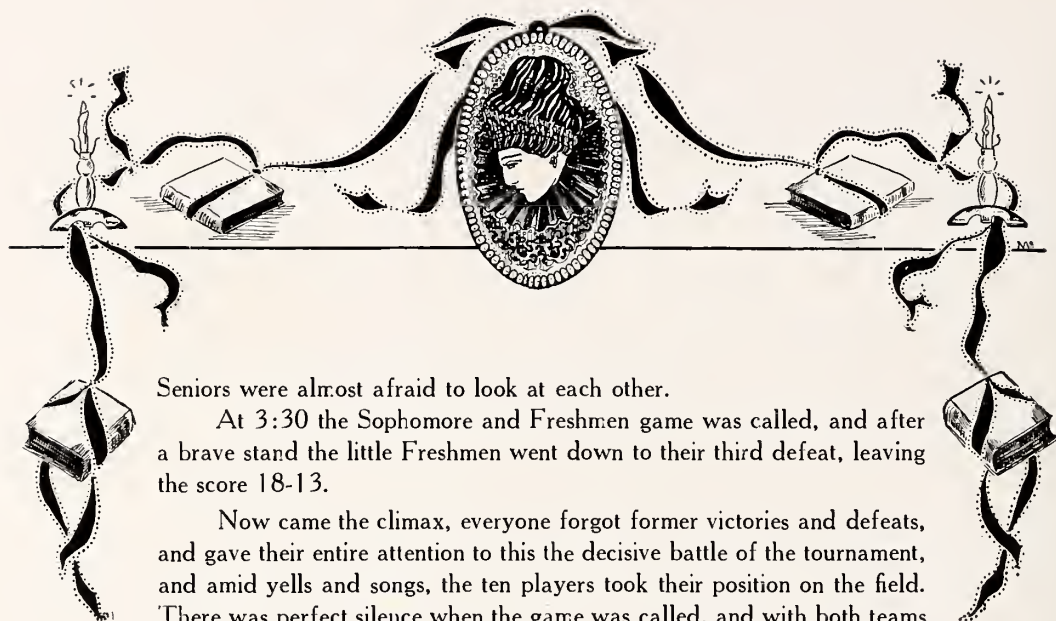
Almost before the teams were off the field the proud Juniors were making the balls fly getting in trim for their fight with the Sophomores. It was not long before the game was called, and it went decidedly in favor of the Juniors, but it was their ambition to beat the Sophomores with a greater score than their hated class had beaten the Freshmen, but the game ended 28-10 for the Juniors, and all was over for the 22nd.

On the afternoon of the 23rd, all were again assembled in the field of battle, and the sister classes were to prove their strength, and to take either victory or defeat in a sisterly way.

The Freshmen and Juniors were first, and both sides played bravely, and although the colors flew and shouts went up each time the Freshmen made a goal, it could be seen they were slowly giving away, and finally turned the game over to the Juniors with a score of 36-18.

The Seniors and Sophomores immediately took their position upon the field and both teams were well prepared. The Sophomores were overjoyed when once their score passed that of the Seniors, and this, of course, made it exciting, for how would it ever do for the Sophomores to beat the Seniors. This thought made things serious in the minds of the Seniors, and as their determination increased, the score also increased, finally leaving the high hopes of the lesser class crushed by the score of 22-9.

All during the forenoon of the 24th, groups were seen everywhere, discussing the players for that day, and as the day wore on everyone's spirits rose and things became more and more exciting. Juniors and



Seniors were almost afraid to look at each other.

At 3:30 the Sophomore and Freshmen game was called, and after a brave stand the little Freshmen went down to their third defeat, leaving the score 18-13.

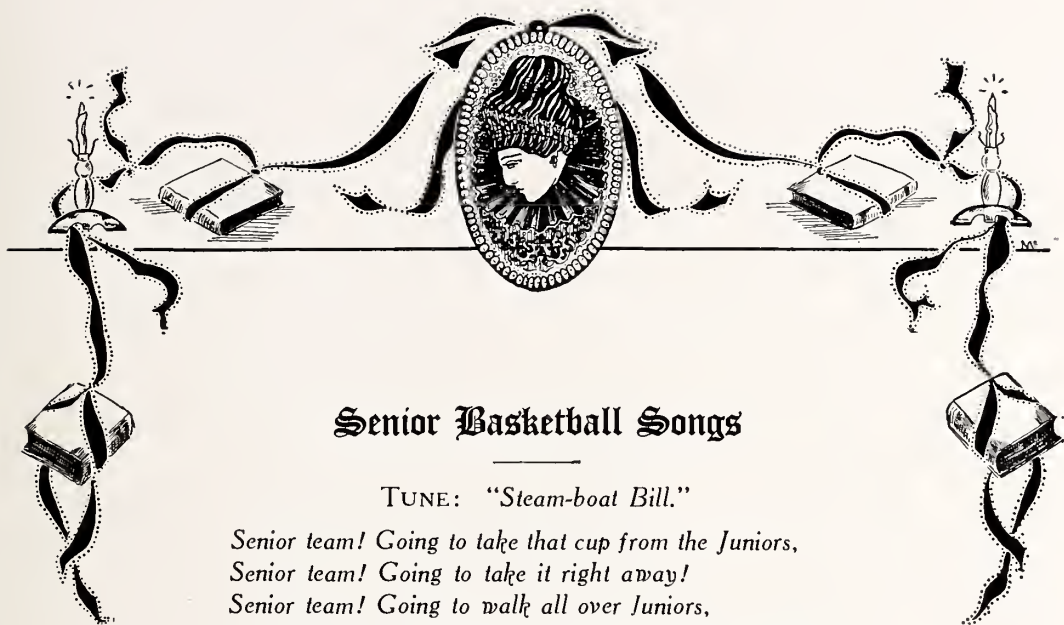
Now came the climax, everyone forgot former victories and defeats, and gave their entire attention to this the decisive battle of the tournament, and amid yells and songs, the ten players took their position on the field. There was perfect silence when the game was called, and with both teams it was either to do or to die. They were well matched and with every goal encouragements for both sides were given by the spectators and excited classmen. The battle was hard, but at last the seniors gained, and with sorrowing hearts the Juniors went to their waterloo, and the Seniors with joy raised their beautiful red and white banner and all pronounced them fair and worthy conquerers.

The score 24-14 is long to be remembered by both sides and the much envied loving cup undisputedly belonged to the class which had played its last class basket-ball game.

TOASTS GIVEN AT THE BANQUET, GIVEN BY THE SENIOR CLASS
TO THE TEAM IN HONOR OF THE ABOVE VICTORY.

*Here's to the team of the red and white,
Who put up such a noble fight,
On the basketball field they won their fame,
And all through life may they do the same.
We will never forget this hard-fought-for cup,
And the brave old team who never gave up.*

*Here's to those whose shouts went up,
For that's the reason we won the cup.
And here's to all those who with us sup,
(Sarcasm) For they never can say we won it by luck!*



Senior Basketball Songs

TUNE: "Steam-boat Bill."

*Senior team! Going to take that cup from the Juniors,
Senior team! Going to take it right away!
Senior team! Going to walk all over Juniors,
So just take a look at us, and we'll show you how to play.*

TUNE: "Come Josephine."

*Come, Seniors all! Round us gather once more,
Watch our ball go through!
Through it goes!
For when we once get our hand on that ball,
Through it goes, through it goes.
Play, play, a little bit harder,
On, on, keep up your ardor,
Come Seniors, all for the victory is ours!
Hurrah! we've won! Goodbye!*

TUNE: "Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay."

*Slip old Juniors away, away!
Slip old Juniors away!
We don't care what becomes of you,
Just as long as our ball goes through.*

*Slip old Juniors away, away!
Slip old Juniors away!
Sing of joy, sing of bliss,
There'll be nothing like this
When we with that cup get away.*



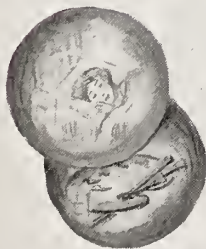
Tennis Club

Elizabeth Van Poole
Irene McLeod
Margie Asbury
Hulda Jahnz
Marie Jahnz
Cora Stancill
Agnes Council
Gladys Thompson
Katrina Gose
Ida Efird
Mary Stuart Alexander
Novice Haigler
Mildred Jenkins
Joe Kinard
Jennie Watson
Maude Boyte
Blanche Simmons

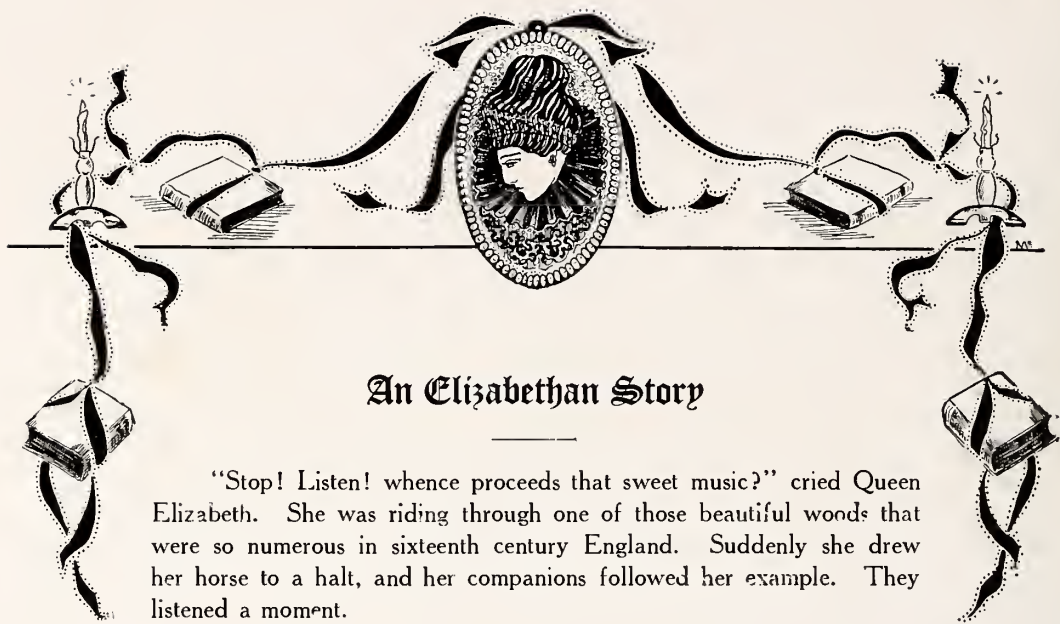
Jessica Vann
Susie Woolley
Ruth Keister
Dollie Lee
Katherine Vollers
Marjorie Eliot
Ruth Hearne
Rosamond Lucas
Annie B. Roper
Katheryn Schaner
Marguerite Brittain
Violet Rankin
Mary Rhyne
Lila Summer
Anna Thomas
Mildred Tunis
Myrtle Gray



Ye
OCCUPATIONS
of Ye
SPECIALS



H. Robinson



An Elizabethan Story

"Stop! Listen! whence proceeds that sweet music?" cried Queen Elizabeth. She was riding through one of those beautiful woods that were so numerous in sixteenth century England. Suddenly she drew her horse to a halt, and her companions followed her example. They listened a moment.

"Your Majesty, I think it is just beyond that clump of trees," said one of her courtiers, "Shall I go and see what it is?"

"No, we will all ride over there," she answered.

There they saw lying on the grass, a ragged goat-herder, utterly oblivious to what was going on, piping a tune on his flute. At length, startled by the stamping of the horses, he sprang to his feet, and noticing that the strangers were of the nobility, he jerked off his torn cap.

"What is your name, and where did you learn to play such beautiful music?" asked the Queen.

"My name is Thomas Shakespeare, ma'am," he answered, not knowing who the Queen was. "I made my flute from reeds, and the birds and bees taught me the music."

"Ah, you are a very bright boy! Your music is the sweetest I have ever heard. I should love to be lulled to sleep at night, and awakened in the morning by such sounds. How would you like to live with me and play for me?" asked Elizabeth. The boy was too astonished to answer.

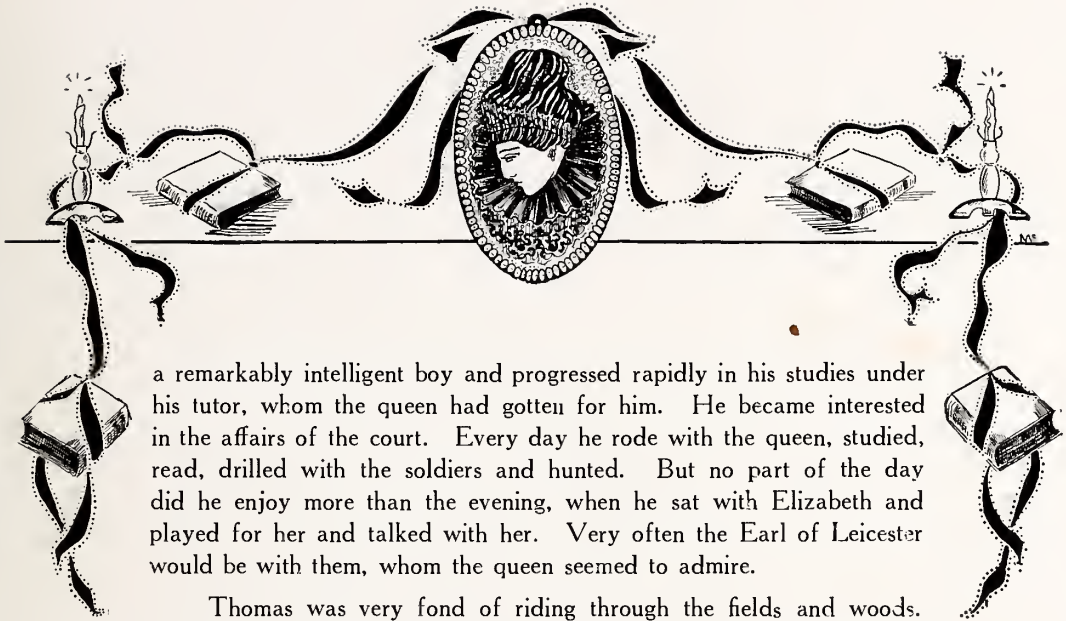
"Where do you live?" she asked him.

"My parents are dead, and I live with my brother William," he answered.

"Then how would you like to live with me," she asked him.

"I should like it, madam," he finally stammered.

So he was lifted on one of the horses and taken to his new home. He was surprised and frightened when he learned who his kind benefactress was, and it was a long time before he felt at home. He was



a remarkably intelligent boy and progressed rapidly in his studies under his tutor, whom the queen had gotten for him. He became interested in the affairs of the court. Every day he rode with the queen, studied, read, drilled with the soldiers and hunted. But no part of the day did he enjoy more than the evening, when he sat with Elizabeth and played for her and talked with her. Very often the Earl of Leicester would be with them, whom the queen seemed to admire.

Thomas was very fond of riding through the fields and woods. He always took his flute with him on these occasions and amused himself by playing. One warm summer day as he was resting under a tree, he heard voices, and looking behind him, he saw two men. They were sitting on the grass, while their horses grazed nearby. They seemed very interested in conversation. Thomas, hearing these words, "Queen," "Assassination," "Mary Staurt," crept closer. He listened, his large eyes opened wider and wider. His face became very pale. He crept still a little closer. Now he could hear every word. He recognized their faces. He had seen them at court. Once he was nearly discovered. Then they lowered their voices, and he could hear no more. At length, they mounted their horses and rode away.

* * * * *

"The queen has given orders not to be disturbed," answered Lady Jane.

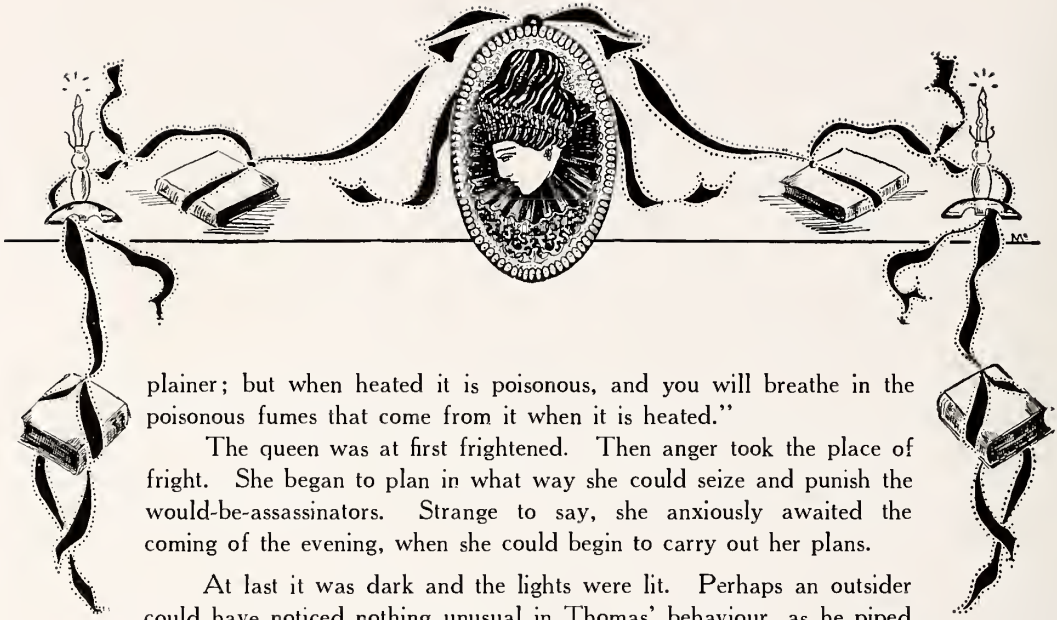
"But I must see her," insisted Thomas. "Is she alone?"

"Lord Leicester is with her," answered Lady Jane. "She is always angry when anyone disturbs her while she is with him."

"But I must see her," and pushing her to one side, he rushed into Elizabeth's presence.

"What is the matter?" asked Elizabeth, sharply, as he ran into the room, his hat off, his hair dishevelled and his clothes brown with dust.

"They are planning to assassinate Your Majesty tonight," he gasped. "While I am playing for you in your sitting room, a servant will bring you a letter. It will be written with very light colored ink. You will have to hold it over a candle to read it, and the ink will become



plainer; but when heated it is poisonous, and you will breathe in the poisonous fumes that come from it when it is heated."

The queen was at first frightened. Then anger took the place of fright. She began to plan in what way she could seize and punish the would-be-assassins. Strange to say, she anxiously awaited the coming of the evening, when she could begin to carry out her plans.

At last it was dark and the lights were lit. Perhaps an outsider could have noticed nothing unusual in Thomas' behaviour, as he piped sweetly on his flute. But Elizabeth's shrewd eyes saw how he trembled and how he cast anxious glances toward the door. A servant entered announcing that the Earl of Norfolk wished to see her. She sent for him to come before her.

"I have a letter for Your Highness from the House of Lords," he told her.

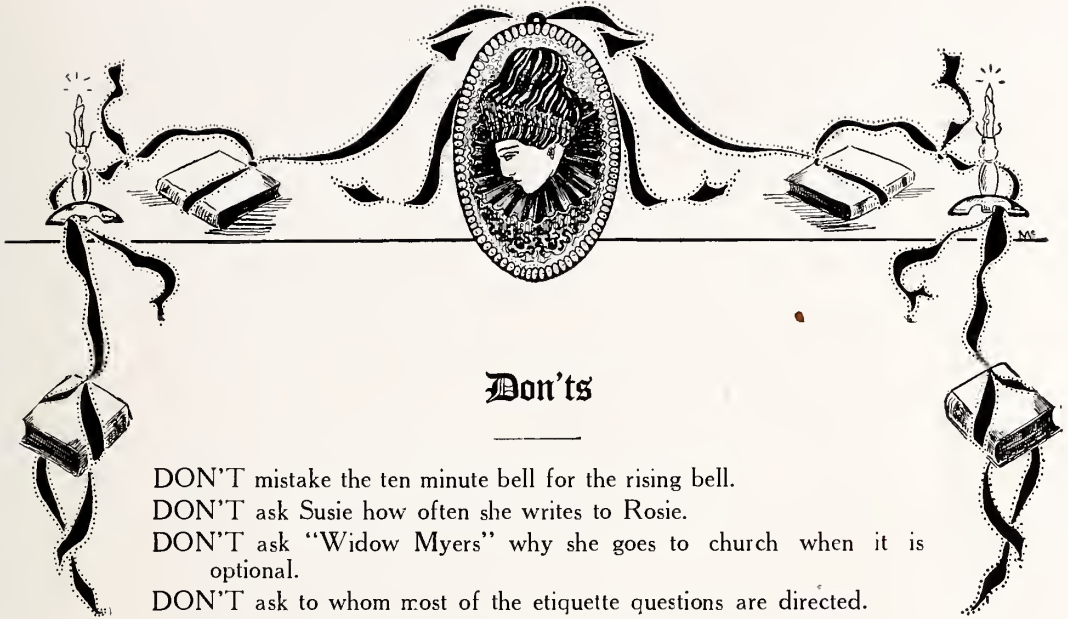
"Read it to me," she commanded him.

He started. "It is best for no one to hear it except Your Majesty," he answered, looking around the room at the Earl of Leicester and Thomas.

"Read it to me," she commanded again, stamping her foot in rage.

At this moment a number of soldiers stepped out from behind the curtains where they had been concealed. Norfolk saw that his plot had been discovered. But he had one hope left. He opened the letter and looking at it, he said that it was too dim for him to read. His surprise and chagrin were great when Elizabeth ordered a servant to bring a candle. Norfolk was forced to read the whole letter, at the same time inhaling the poisonous odors. When he finished he staggered from the room, and it was reported that the Earl of Norfolk had died from a sudden illness. But this in no wise affected the gaiety of the court, nor the happiness of one Thomas Shakespeare, a page of Queen Elizabeth.

O. B.



Don'ts

DON'T mistake the ten minute bell for the rising bell.

DON'T ask Susie how often she writes to Rosie.

DON'T ask "Widow Myers" why she goes to church when it is optional.

DON'T ask to whom most of the etiquette questions are directed.

DON'T tell a person to go to Clara's own room for her.

DON'T mistake the location of the noise—go to the "Elites" headquarters.

DON'T be surprised to hear Velda has a new heart.

DON'T ask Frances whom she is crazy about.

DON'T let every girl flirt with the co-ed.

DON'T drink anything stronger than water, for yours might be the fate—Dr. King mentioned.

DON'T tell Miss S. you know something.

DON'T comment on Elise's gazing at the moon until three a. m.

DON'T tell Miss Palmer, Oh that girl has a date to spend the night.

DON'T ask "Pearline" what *his* name is.

DON'T ask Mary R. if she has anything to eat—look for yourself.

DON'T let your studies interfere with your college course.

DON'T ask Violet which her hardest day is.

DON'T smile at the pronunciation of *hill*, by the Charlestonians.

DON'T try to put in a word until Miss Palmer stops to catch her breath.

DON'T ask the Seniors if they mind "etiquette."

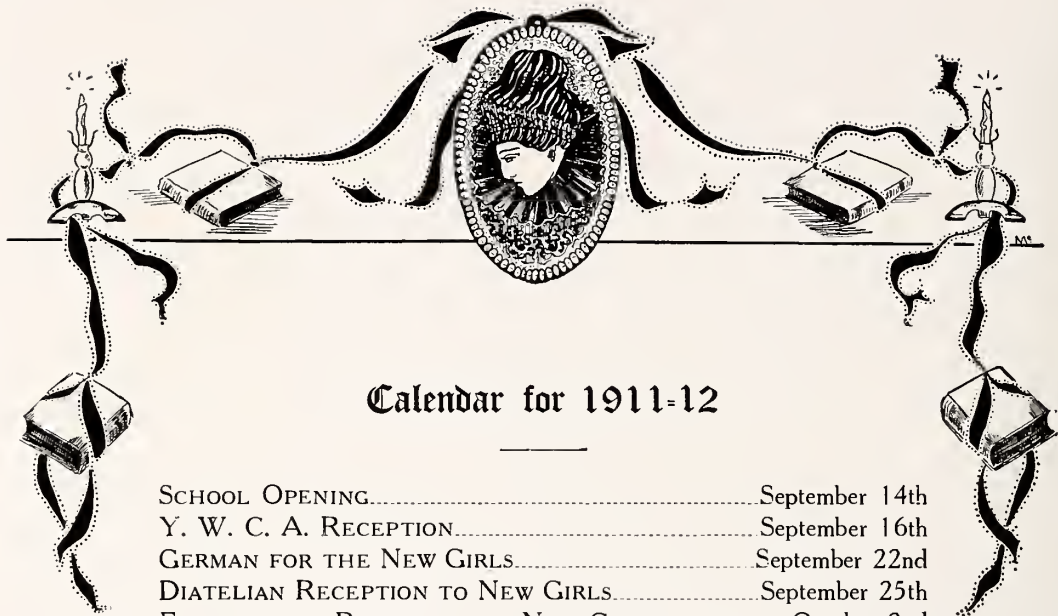
DON'T ask L. H. why she went to MacDowell Club—one time.

DON'T tempt Mary Staurt to do the Boston during lent.

DON'T tell Jessica to go slower to the Labratory.

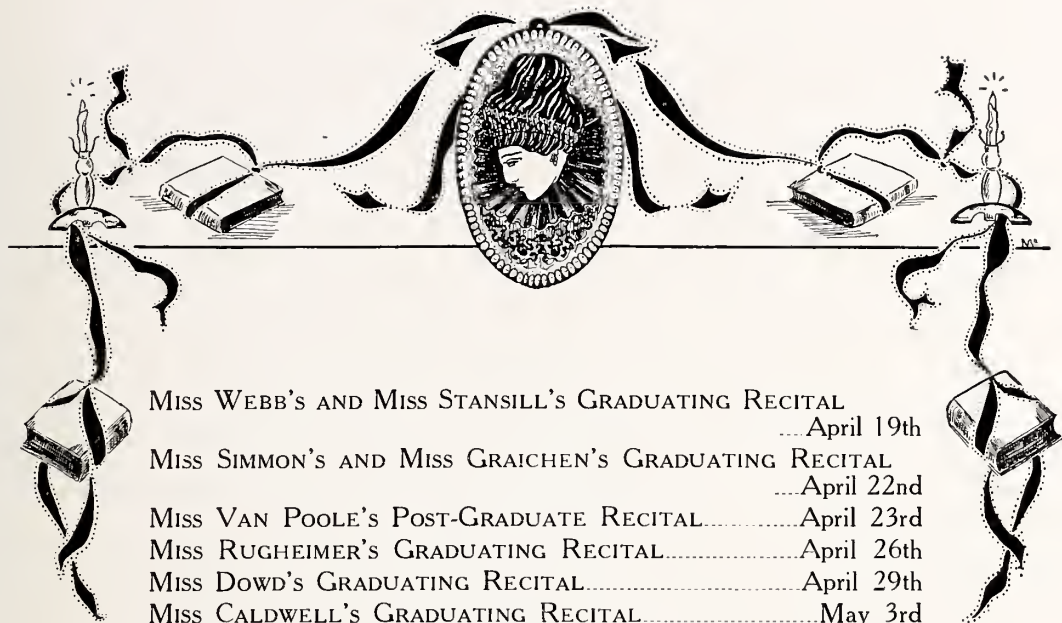
DON'T ask Kathyne Shaner why she always goes to the Infirmary on Tuesday.

DON'T get an excuse from practice at night if you have a later date with your heart.



Calendar for 1911-12

SCHOOL OPENING.....	September 14th
Y. W. C. A. RECEPTION.....	September 16th
GERMAN FOR THE NEW GIRLS.....	September 22nd
DIATELIAN RECEPTION TO NEW GIRLS.....	September 25th
EUCHRESTIAN RECEPTION TO NEW GIRLS.....	October 2nd
HALLOW'EN PARTY.....	October 28th
SENIOR'S RECEPTION TO SOPHOMORES.....	November 18th
RECTAL BY MISS RUSK.....	November 20th
CLASS BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT.....	November 22nd, 23rd and 24th
Y. W. C. A. BABY PARTY.....	November 25th
MUSIC FACULTY RECITAL.....	November 27th
THANKSGIVING GERMAN.....	November 30th
BANQUET IN HONOR OF SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM.....	December 4th
EUCHRESTIAN "WHITE SALE".....	December 9th
PLAY BY EXPRESSION STUDENTS, "MR. BOB".....	December 11th
DIATELIAN BAZAAR.....	December 16th
STUDENTS RECITAL.....	December 18th
CHRISTMAS RECESS.....	December 19th-January 4th
CHORAL CONCERT.....	January 25th
Y. W. C. A. "PEANUT PARTY".....	January 27th
EXPRESSION STUDENTS RECITAL.....	January 29th
MISS PALMER ENTERTAINS SENIORS.....	February 5th
STUDENTS RECITAL.....	February 12th
ANNUAL PUBLIC RECEPTION.....	February 19th
MASCOT ENTERTAINS SENIORS.....	February 22nd
SOPHOMORE-SENIOR BANQUET.....	February 24th
JUNIOR "BOX PARTY" TO SENIORS.....	March 7th
STUDENTS' RECITAL.....	March 18th
PLAY "BREEZY POINT".....	March 25th
MISS McLEOD'S GRADUATING RECITAL.....	March 29th
MISS KINARD'S GRADUATING RECITAL.....	April 8th
MISS WEBB'S ORGAN RECITAL.....	April 12th

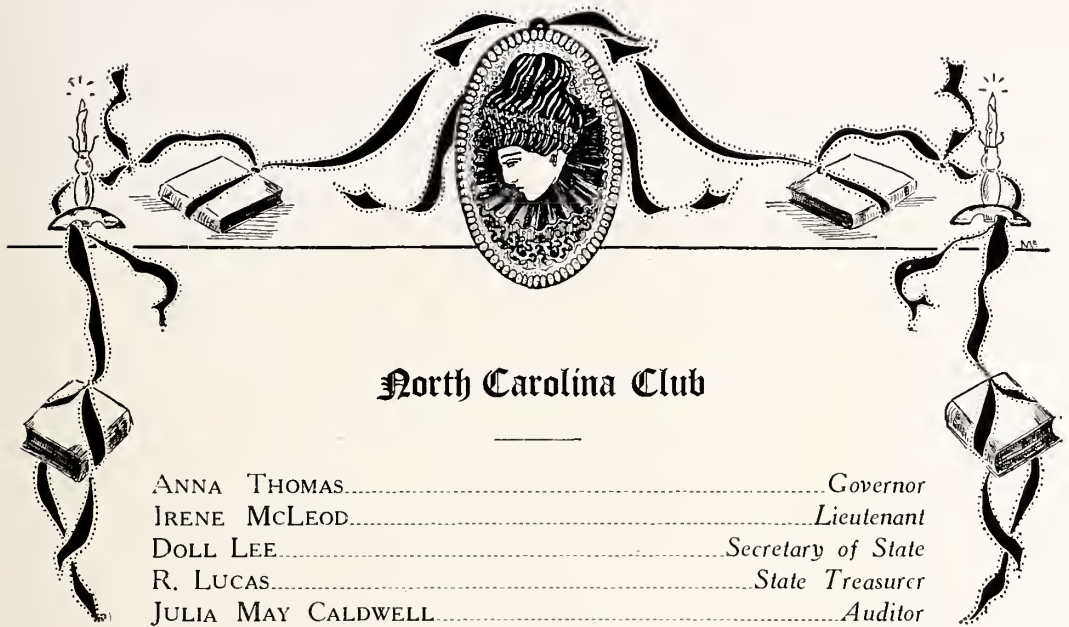


MISS WEBB'S AND MISS STANSILL'S GRADUATING RECITALApril 19th
MISS SIMMON'S AND MISS GRAICHEN'S GRADUATING RECITALApril 22nd
MISS VAN POOLE'S POST-GRADUATE RECITAL.....	April 23rd
MISS RUGHEIMER'S GRADUATING RECITAL.....	April 26th
MISS DOWD'S GRADUATING RECITAL.....	April 29th
MISS CALDWELL'S GRADUATING RECITAL.....	May 3rd
MISS YOUNG'S GRADUATING RECITAL.....	May 6th
CHORAL CONCERT.....	May 9th
BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.....	May 12th
ANNUAL CONCERT.....	May 13th
GRADUATING EXERCISES.....	May 14th

A SAD CALENDAR

Jan—et was quite ill one day;
 Feb—rile trouble came her way.
 Mar—tyr-like she lay in bed;
 Apr—oned nurses softly sped,
 May—be, said the doc, judicial,
 Jun—ket would be beneficial,
 Jul—eps, too, though freely tried,
 Aug—ured ill, for Janet died.
 Sep—ulchre was sadly made,
 Oct—aves pealed and prayers were said.
 Nov—ices with many a tear,
 Dec—orated Janet's bier.

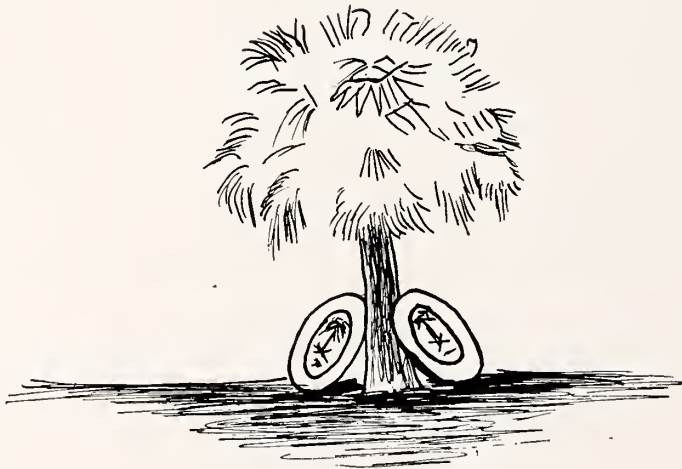
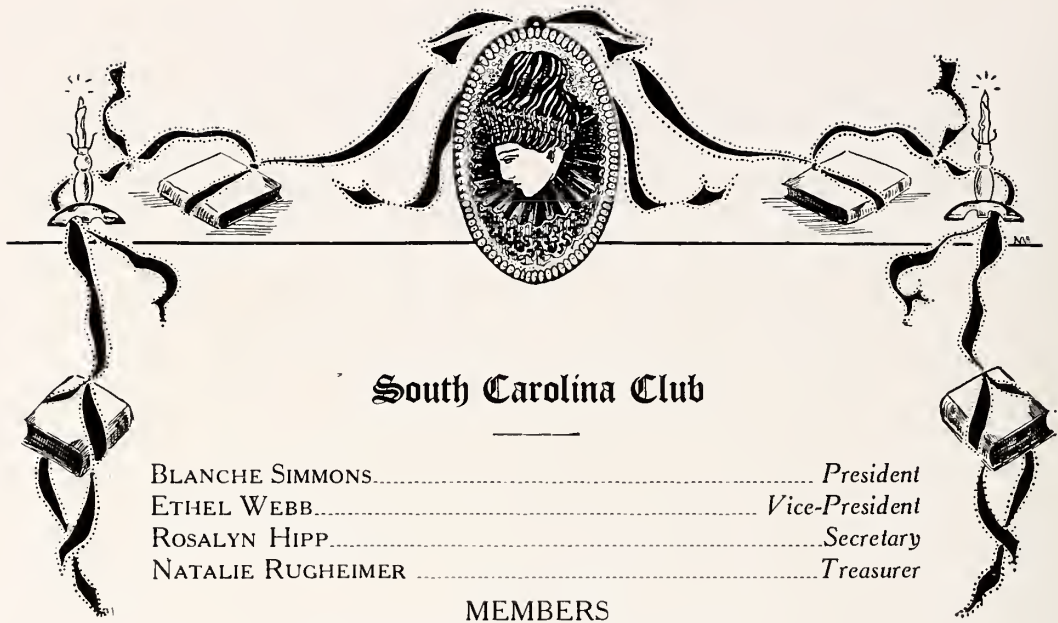


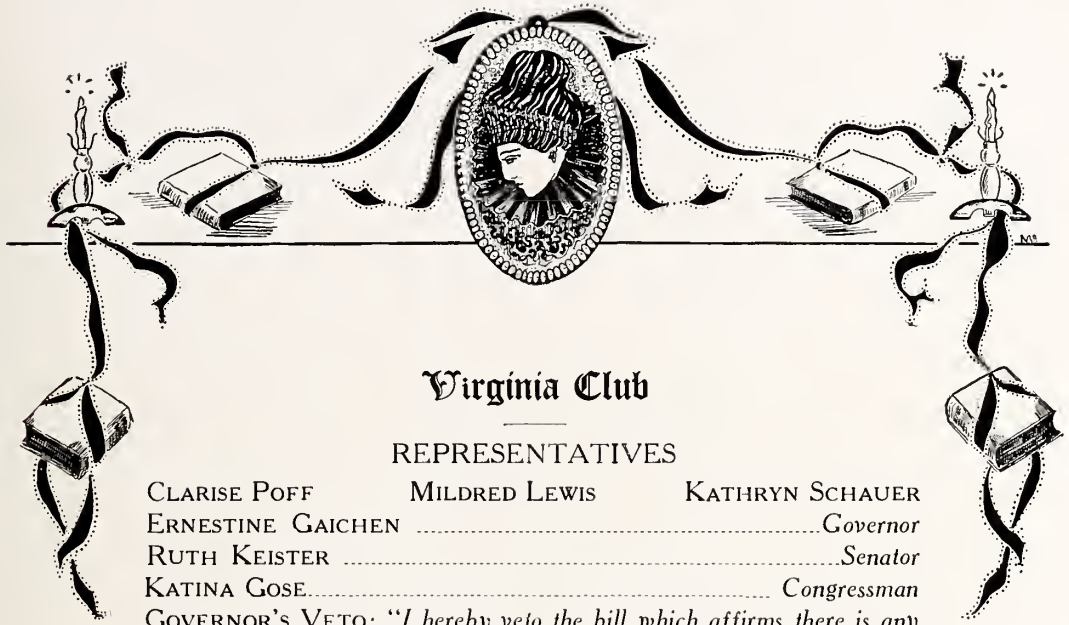


COMMITTEE

Anna Thomas	Jennie Watson
Lizzie Cole	Katherine Vollers
Hallie Covington	Jessica Vann
Cora Stancill	Annie B. Roper
Elizabeth Van Poole	E. Wallace
Irene McLeod	Bonnie Mauney
M. Brittain	Margie Asbury
V. Rankin	Laura Hearne
Maud Gray	Ruth Hearne
Myrtle Gray	Grace Graddick







Virginia Club

REPRESENTATIVES

CLARISE POFF	MILDRED LEWIS	KATHRYN SCHAUER
ERNESTINE GAICHEN		Governor
RUTH KEISTER		Senator
KATINA GOSE		Congressman

GOVERNOR'S VETO: *"I hereby veto the bill which affirms there is any other State besides Virginia."*

SENATOR: Amendment—*"We will leave the State of Virginia provided we can find a better one."*

REPRESENTATIVE: *"I propose the bill namely: 'We will never leave the State of Virginia.'"*

SUPREME JUDGE

MISS PALMER

ASSOCIATE JUDGES

DR. KING

MISS UMBERGER





Rockingham Quartette

Here's to—

*Four frivolous, frisky girls,
Full of fun, fuss and frolic—
Free from flirting, far from folly,
Nice and cute and awful jolly.*

Jennie Watson

Hallie Compton
Lizzie Cole

Anna Thomas



Fattie Club

Elizabeth Van Poole

Bonnie Mauney

Rosamond Lucas

Irine McLeod

*We are Fatties Four,
We may grow some more,
But we hope we won't,
And if we don't
We'll be happy for evermore.*

*We are large enough now,
But we don't see how
To protect us four,
From growing some more,
But do it we will, we vow.*

*Without more to say
We'll go our way,
Thinking life worth while,
Taking all with a smile,
Hoping ever to "fall away."*



THE ART CLUB



Who's Who at Elizabeth

Amusing—Lerline Mowery.
Charming—Ruth Keister.
Spiritual—Marjorie Eliot.
Proper—H. Orr.
Most influential—E. Graichen.
Artistic—M. Eliot.
Most indifferent—R. Hearne.
Practical—Graichen.
Studios—B. Mauney.
Reliable—K. Vollers.
Fickle—Shaner.
Straight-haired—Ida Efird.
Most susceptible—Maud Gray.
Biggest bluff—I. McLeod.
Best natured—V. Jones.
Has most temperament—L. Hearne.
Biggest T. W.—R. Hearne.
Most shocking—L. Mowery.
Best dancer—M. S. Alexander.
Graceful—M. Jenkins.
Vivacious—Myrtle Gray.
Loquacious—I. McLeod.
Tomboy—J. Vann.
Vainest—V. Young.
Best musician—E. Webb.
Greatest street walker—M. Rhyne.
Most in love—L. Hearne.
Dictatorial—C. Stancill.
Affectionate—H. Conyers.
Magnetic—R. Keister.
Prettiest—M. Parker.
Handsome—Roper.
Cutest—Myrtle Gray.
Most Popular—J. Vann.
Best all round—Graichen.
Wittiest—Irene McLeod.



BETA PHI MU



Beta Phi Mu

MOTTO: "Memory's leaflets close shall twine 'round our hearts for aye."

COLORS: *Red and white.*

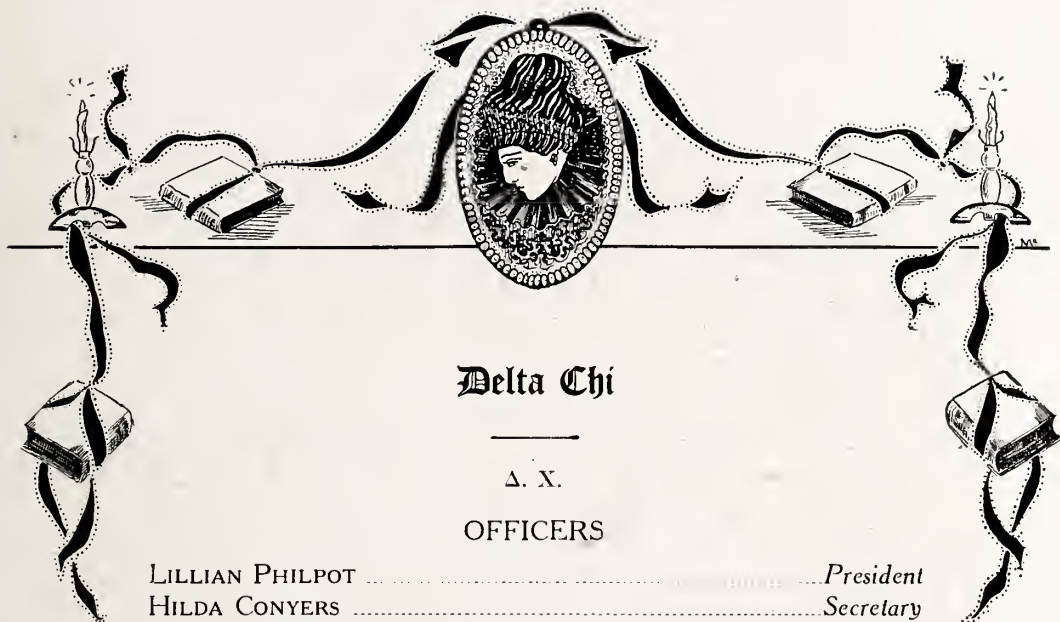
MEMBERS

Cora Stancill	Anna Thomas
Blanche Simmons	Grace Graddick
Ernestine Graichen	Harriet Orr
Ethel Webb	Mildred Tunis





DELTA CHI



Delta Chi

Δ. Χ.

OFFICERS

LILLIAN PHILPOT	<i>President</i>
HILDA CONYERS	<i>Secretary</i>
KATHRYN SHANER	<i>Treasurer</i>

MOTTO: ? ? ?

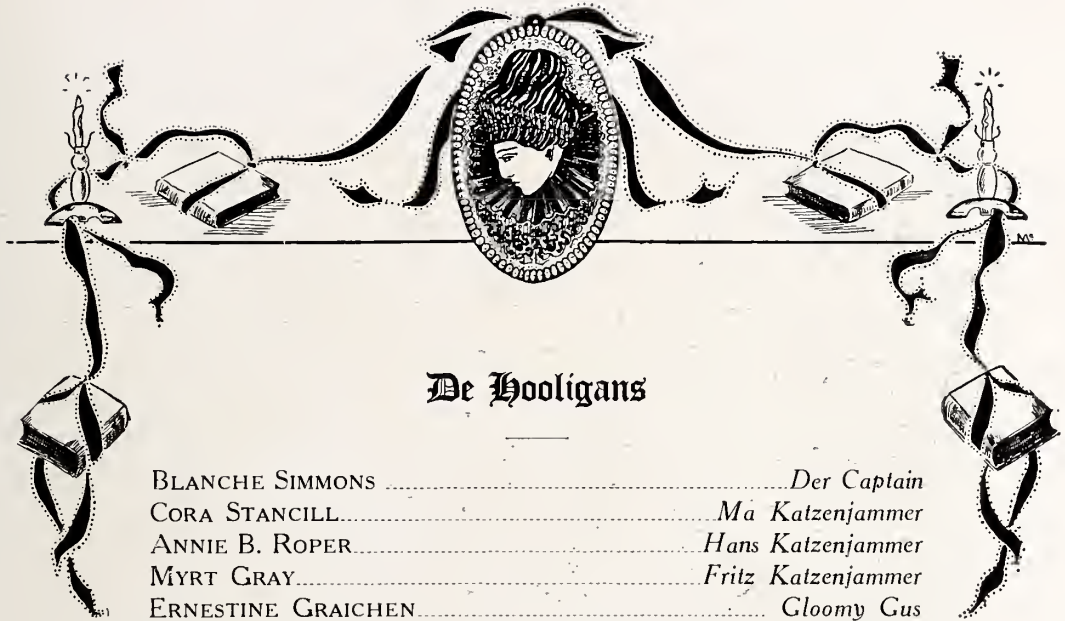
MEMBERS

Elise Wallace	Annie B. Roper
Irene McLeod	Dolly Lee
Clarise Poff	Ruth Keister
Maude Gray	Hilda Conyers
Myrtle Gray	Kathryn Shaner
Mary Stewart Alexander	Lillian Philpot
Miriam Parker	





DE HOOLIGANS



De Hooligans

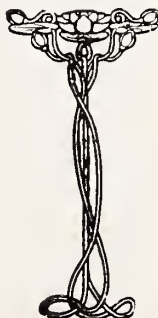
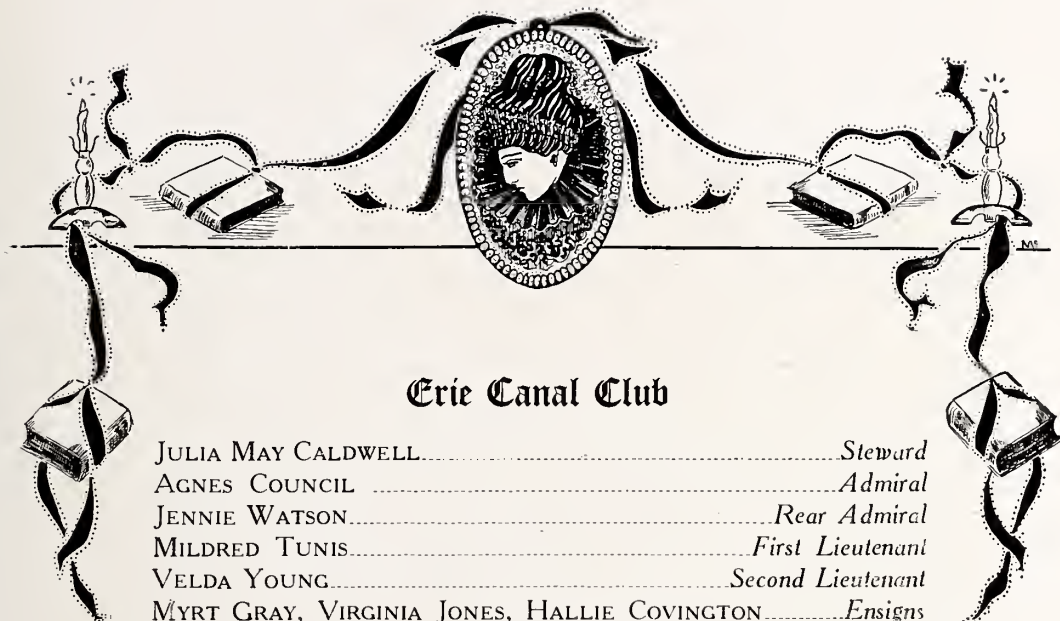
BLANCHE SIMMONS	<i>Der Captain</i>
CORA STANCILL	<i>Ma Katzenjammer</i>
ANNIE B. ROPER	<i>Hans Katzenjammer</i>
MYRT GRAY	<i>Fritz Katzenjammer</i>
ERNESTINE GRAICHEN	<i>Gloomy Gus</i>
MARGUERITE BRITAIN	<i>Alphonse</i>
VIOLET RANKIN	<i>Gaston</i>
IRINE McLEOD	<i>Happy Hooligan</i>
MILDRED TUNIS	<i>Jimmy</i>
GRACE GRADDICK	<i>Katie</i>
LAURA HEARNE	<i>Uncle Heinie</i>
RUTH KEISTER	<i>Montmorency</i>
RUTH HEARNE	<i>Si</i>
MAUDE GRAY	<i>Maude</i>
JESSICA VANN	<i>Sambo</i>
MILDRED JENKINS	<i>Beans</i>

YELL: *Hee haw, hee haw, hee haw, hee,*
Never got caught in deviltry.



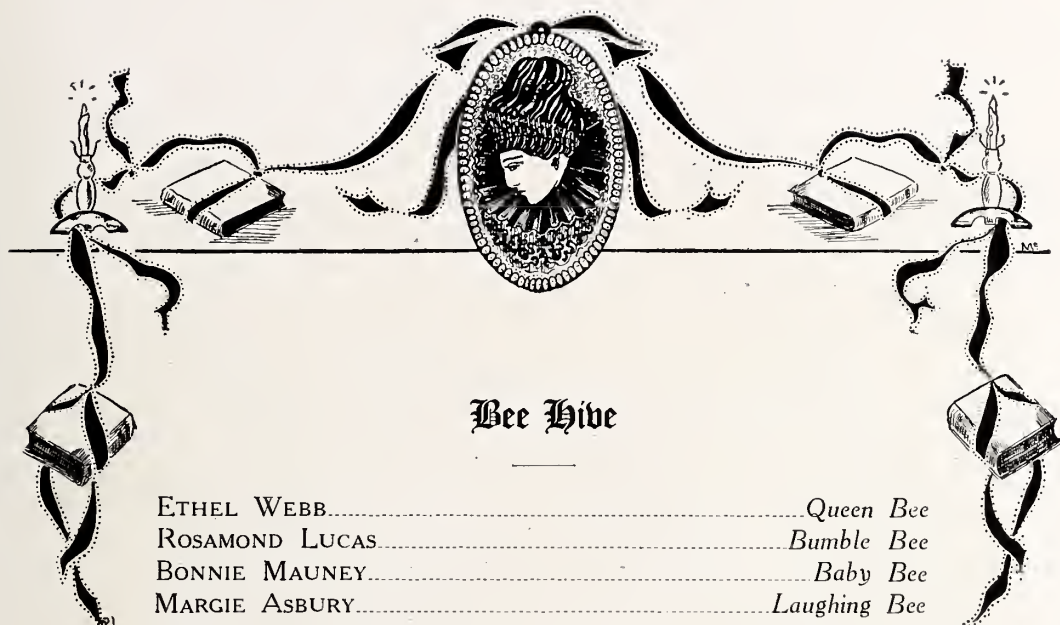


ERIE CANAL CLUB





BEE HIVE



Bee Hive

ETHEL WEBB.....	Queen Bee
ROSAMOND LUCAS.....	Bumble Bee
BONNIE MAUNEY.....	Baby Bee
MARGIE ASBURY.....	Laughing Bee
ELIZABETH VAN POOLE.....	Doctor Bee
HULDA JAHNZ.....	Honey Bee
EVA PAGE.....	Jolly Bee
CARRIE KOOPMAN.....	Busy Bee

SONG—"Won't You Be My Honey?"

PLACE OF MEETING—In the hive.

MOTTO:—*I be, you be, we all be.*

TIME OF MEETING—"When the Honey's in the Comb."

OCCUPATION—Keeping sweet.





Dickens Club

MOTTO: "*Ever the best of friends, ain't us?*"

OBJECT: "*There has been larks betwixt us.*"

CLUB POEM: "*Ode to an Expiring Frog.*"

RUTH KEISTER—"The more to eat and drink there was, the oftener she would go."

LIZZIE COLE—"Her manners is given to blustering."

JENNIE WATSON—"I know their tricks and their manners."

HALLIE COVINGTON—"The question is NOT a man, my dear."

ANNA THOMAS—"A muddling and a surpey old child."

DOLLIE LEE—"You inconsistent little beast."

HONORARY MEMBER—"Count Swordtalk."



Titian Tints

Anna Thomas
Marie Hunter
Dora Davis

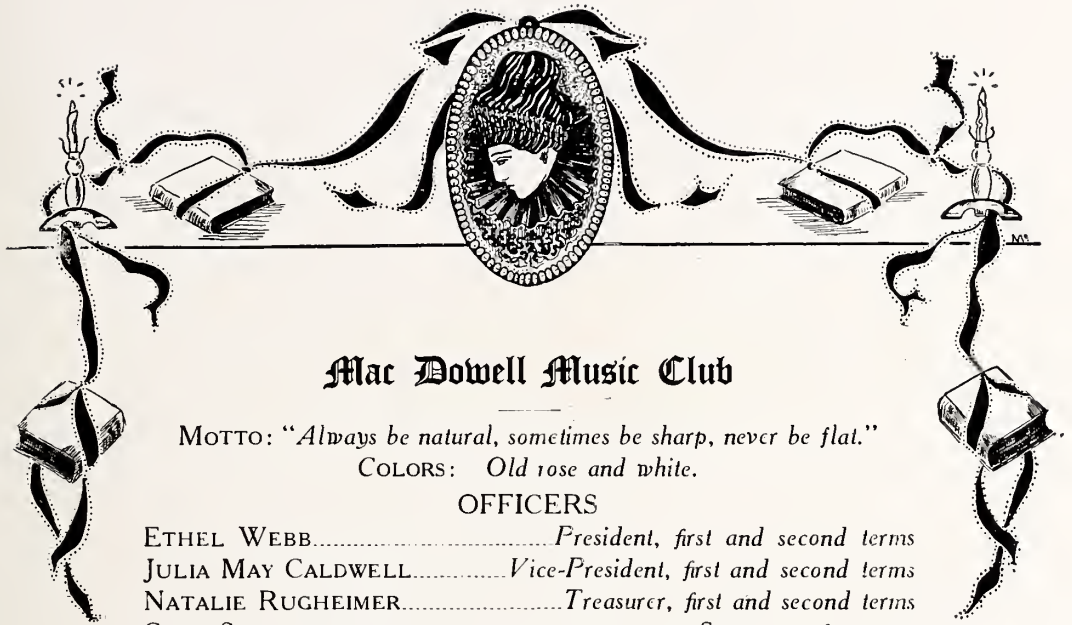
Bernice Efrd
Frances Osborne
Joe Kinard



BLANCH SIMMONS..... *President*
MARGUERITE BRITTAIN..... *Vice-President*
KATHERINE VOLLERS..... *Treasurer*
JESSICA VANN..... *Secretary*

MEMBERS

B. Simmons	Anna Lee
C. Stancill	Ruth Keister
Ernestine Graichen	Marjorie Eliot
Irene McLeod	Katherine Vollers
Violet Rankin	Myrt Gray
Marguerite Brittain	Maude Gray
Mildred Jenkins	Anna Thomas
Annie B. Roper	Agnes Council
Katherine Shaner	Gladys Thompson
Elise Wallace	Jennie Watson
Clarise Poff	Mildred Tunis
Mary Stuart Alexander	Sara Moseley
Mary Rhyne	Anna Belle Dowd
Jessica Vann	Iloweese McCausland
Ruth Hearne	Arabelle Thomas
Laura Hearne	Hilda Conyers
Lillian Philpot	Minnie Conyers
Grace Graddick	Miriam Parker



Mac Dowell Music Club

MOTTO: "Always be natural, sometimes be sharp, never be flat."

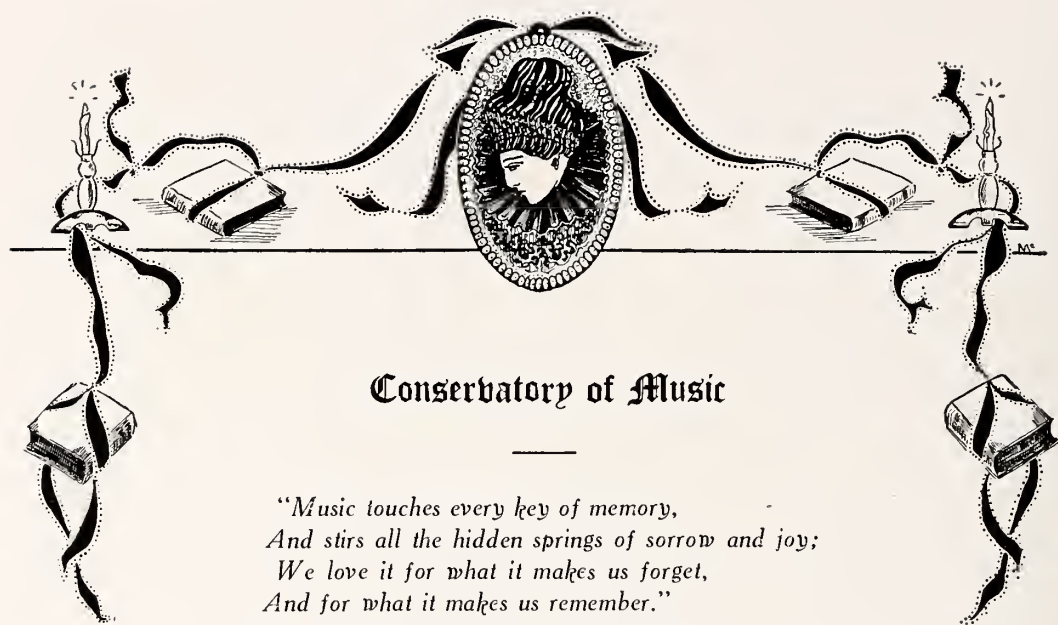
COLORS: Old rose and white.

OFFICERS

ETHEL WEBB.....	<i>President, first and second terms</i>
JULIA MAY CALDWELL.....	<i>Vice-President, first and second terms</i>
NATALIE RUGHEIMER.....	<i>Treasurer, first and second terms</i>
CORA STANCILL.....	<i>Secretary, first term</i>
KATHERINE VOLLERS.....	<i>Secretary, second term</i>
KATHERINE VOLLERS.....	<i>First Critic, first term</i>
BESS HEILIG.....	<i>First Critic, second term</i>
ELIZABETH VAN POOLE.....	<i>Second Critic, first and second terms</i>
ERNESTINE GRAICHEN.....	<i>Censor</i>
ELIZABETH VAN POOLE.....	<i>Press Correspondent</i>

MEMBERS

Margie Asbury	Rosamond Lucas
Maude Boyte	Eva Page
Agnes Council	Annie B. Roper
Nannie Dowdell	Mary Rhyne
Julia May Caldwell	Natalie Rugheimer
Marjorie Eliot	Kathryn Shaner
Lora Efrid	Olive Spinks
Maude Gray	Blanche Simmons
Grace Graddick	Cora Stancill
Myrtle Gray	Anna Thomas
Ernestine Graichen	Gladys Thompson
Miss Gaines	Violet Rankin
Bess Heilig	Katherine Vollers
Ruth Hearne	Elizabeth Van Poole
Novice Haigler	Miss Van Guluwee
Mildred Jenkins	Ethel Webb
Hulda Jahnz	Susie Wooley
Marie Jahnz	Elise Wallace
Ruth Keister	Mr. Stirewalt
Carrie Koopman	



Conservatory of Music

*"Music touches every key of memory,
And stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and joy;
We love it for what it makes us forget,
And for what it makes us remember."*

The Gerard Conservatory of Music of Elizabeth College is under the direction of Professor Harry J. Zehm, whose ability as a director and teacher is unsurpassed. Besides being a director and teacher, he is an organist of note, and the degree of "Fellow" in "The American Guild of Organists" has been recently conferred upon him, he having passed a most excellent examination. His ability as an organist has been so recognized that he has had the honor of playing at "The World's Fair," St. Louis, Buffalo and Charleston Expositions.

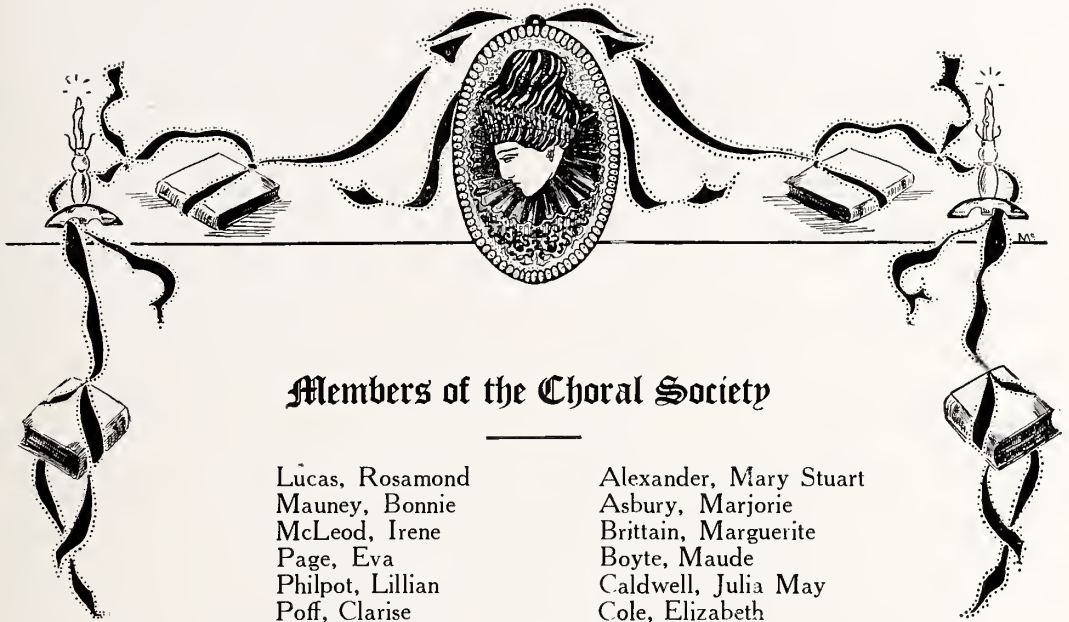
The Conservatory occupies a very prominent place among the leading conservatories of the South, its faculty consisting of six resident members, each one being a specialist of recognized professional standing.

The Choral Society, of which Professor Zehm is director, consists of the music students of the College and the musical men from the city. The Society has given many difficult works, such as "Gallia," Gounod; "Creation," Haydn; "Stabat Mater," Rossini; "Rose Maiden," Cowen; "Redemption," Gounod; "The Golden Legend," Sullivan; "Elijah," Mendelssohn; "Martha," Flotow, and "Fair Ellen," Bruch.

The choruses always show masterly training, conscientious effort and grasp on the part of each one.

These concerts of the Society are looked forward to by the music lovers, not only of the city, but of the entire vicinity, and are always given before audiences which pack the auditorium.





Members of the Choral Society

Lucas, Rosamond
Mauney, Bonnie
McLeod, Irene
Page, Eva
Philpot, Lillian
Poff, Clarise
Rankin, Violet
Rhyne, Mary
Roper, Annie B
Shaner, Kathryn
Simmons, Blanche
Spinks, Olive
Stancill, Cora
Summer, Lila
Thomas, Anna
Thompson, Gladys
Vollers, Kathryn
Wallace, Elise
Watson, Jennie
Webb, Ethel
Woolley, Susie
Young, Annie
Dowd Anna Belle
Millersham, Blanche
Bowden, Esther

Alexander, Mary Stuart
Asbury, Marjorie
Brittain, Marguerite
Boyte, Maude
Caldwell, Julia May
Cole, Elizabeth
Covington, Hallie
Council, Agnes
Dowdell, Nancy
Efird, Bernice
Efird, Ida
Graddick, Grace
Graichen, Ernestine
Gray, Maud
Haigler, Novice
Hearne, Laura
Hearne, Ruth
Heilig, Bess
Jahnz, Marie
Jahnz, Hulda
Jones Virginia
Jenkins, Mildred
Keister, Ruth
Koopman, Carrie
Lee, Dolly

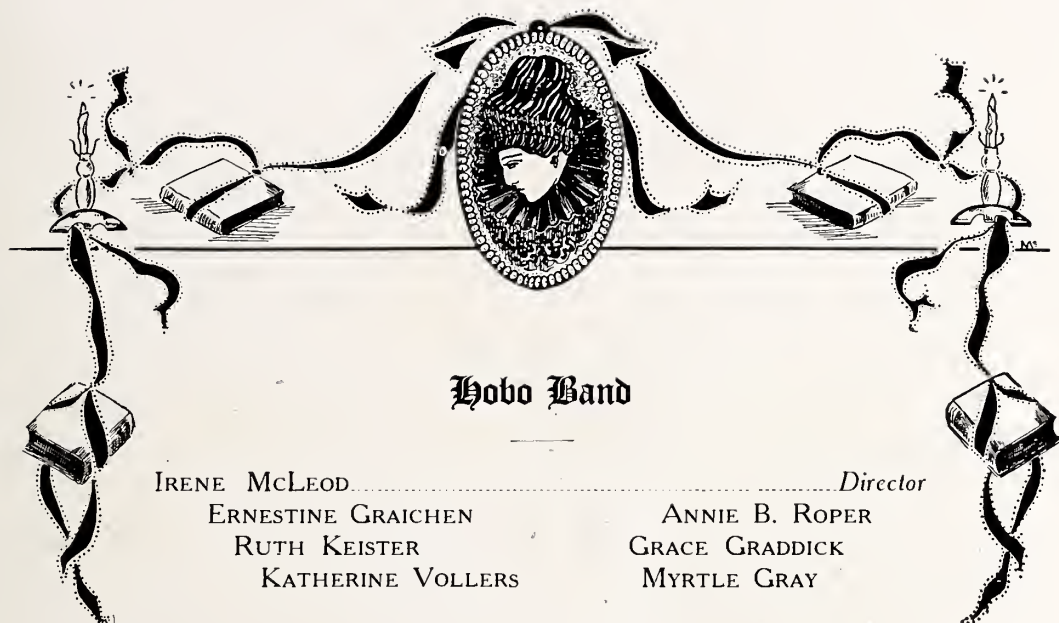
GENTLEMEN

Alexander, H. M.
Anderson, D. W.
Anderson, Wm.
Auten, J. D.
Bell, Geo. R.
Davenport, J. M.
Boyer, Martin
Hastings, J. W.
Hayes, E. G.
Huntington, W. B.
Laxton, Ralph
Long, T. B.

Orr, H. T.
Player, W. B.
Rohledder, A. H.
Sides, Ted
Springer, E. C.
Scholtz, Ed
Stirewalt, H. T.
Valaer, C.
Watson, J. C.
Willmann, A. R.
Willmann, C. R.

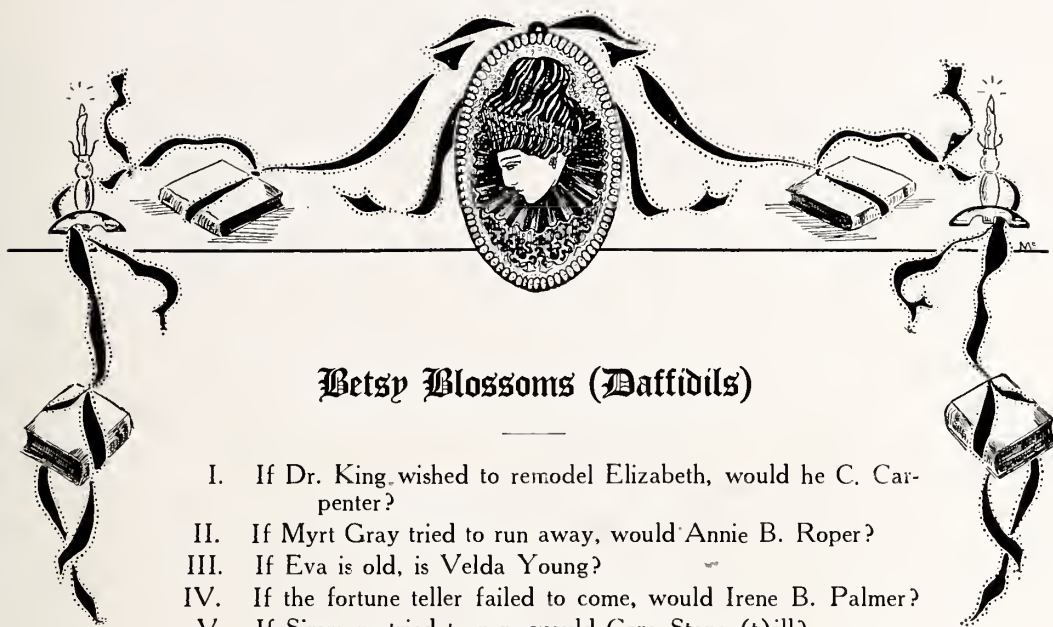


HOBBO BAND





ARKANSAS REUNION OF ELIZABETH COLLEGE GIRLS
May 23-25, 1911, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

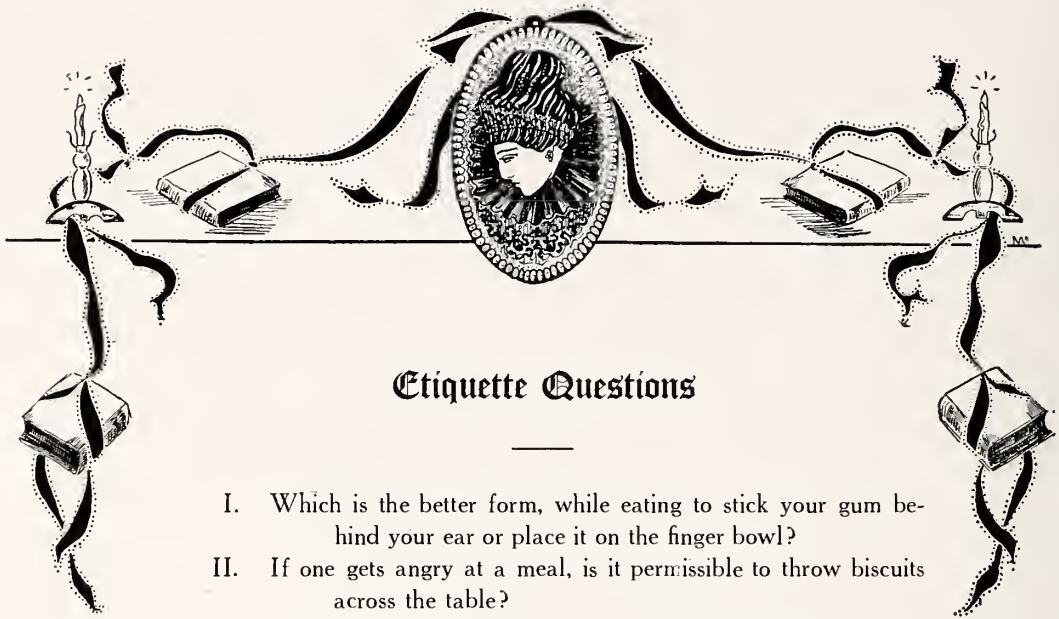


Betsy Blossoms (Daffidils)

- I. If Dr. King wished to remodel Elizabeth, would he C. Carpenter?
- II. If Myrt Gray tried to run away, would Annie B. Roper?
- III. If Eva is old, is Velda Young?
- IV. If the fortune teller failed to come, would Irene B. Palmer?
- V. If Simmons tried to run, would Cora Stans (t)ill?
- VI. If George IV. were killed, would Charles B. King?
- VII. If Rosie is sick, is Julia Caldwell?
- VIII. If M. M. got 100 on a test, where would Violet Rank-in?
- IX. If "Pearline" is crazy, is Bonnie Mauney?
- X. If Clara didn't chaperone, Miss Ruth Wood.
- XI. If Miss Palmer crochets, what would Ethel Webb?
- XII. If Mildred Maxwell is seventeen, when was Frances Osborn(e)?
- XIII. If L. H. was lost at sea, where would Iloweese McCaus-land?
- XIV. If Julia Mae is crazy about M. W., who does Hazeline Love?
- XV. If Eng. I. students read "Pilgrim's Progress," what would Miss Martha Reid?
- XVI. If R. K. is jolly, is Kathleen Sterne?
- VXII. If O. B. scratches up the library table, what will Margaret Bo-mar?

Everything looks Rosie to Susie.

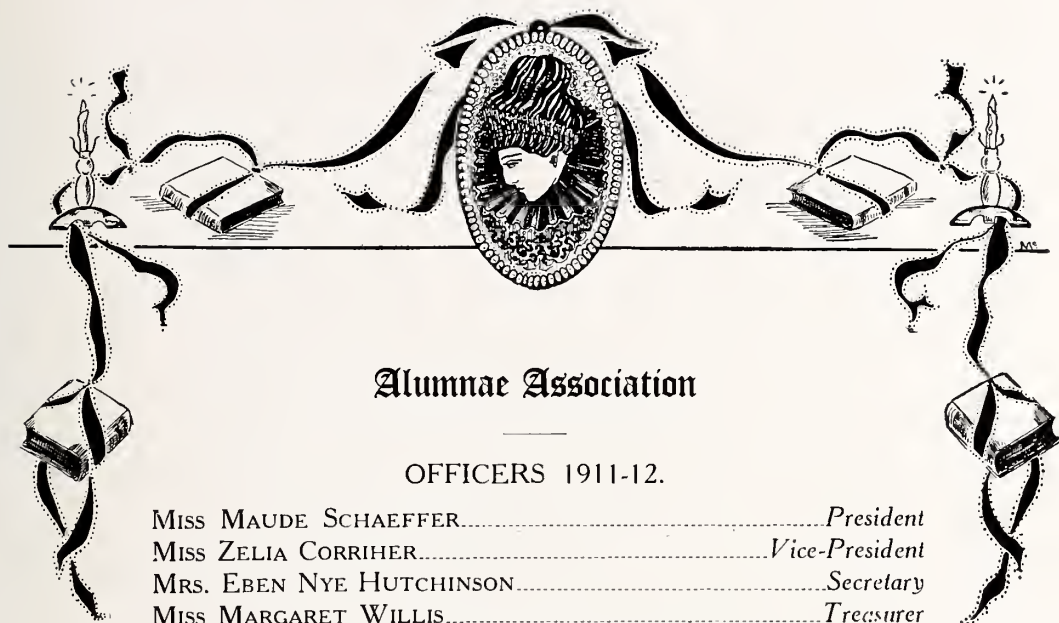




Etiquette Questions

- I. Which is the better form, while eating to stick your gum behind your ear or place it on the finger bowl?
- II. If one gets angry at a meal, is it permissible to throw biscuits across the table?
- III. Should the fork be used as a shovel or a pitchfork?
- IV. When the waitress's thoughts are wandering, should a megaphone be used to call her back to earth?
- V. Is it polite to whistle when the "goat" is tough?
- VI. Is it good form to use the butter as massage cream?
- VII. When the spoon falls to the floor, should the ring or forefinger take its place in stirring the coffee?
- VIII. When the shade isn't adjustable, should the sun or the table be moved?
- IX. Is it good form to play feet at the table?
- X. When the hands are cold, is it polite to sit on them?
- XI. When a young lady comes down to the table half harnessed, should the others finish the job?
- XII. Is it good form to make personal remarks just so the one talked of don't hear you?
- XIII. Is it good form to make eyes at your teacher?
- XIV. Is it good form to borrow others things for keeps?
- XV. Is it proper to say you haven't anything to eat when it is a known fact you have?
- XVI. Is it good form to tramp the toes off other people's tan shoes?
- XVII. Is it good form to have a heart and conceal it?
- XVIII. Which is better, to "sass" a teacher or let her "sass" you?





Alumnae Association

OFFICERS 1911-12.

MISS MAUDE SCHAEFFER.....	<i>President</i>
MISS ZELIA CORRIHER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
MRS. EBEN NYE HUTCHINSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MISS MARGARET WILLIS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

ALUMNAE BANQUET MAY 14, 1911.

Dining Hall of Elizabeth College.

TOASTS

MRS. C. S. McLAUGHLIN.....	<i>Toastmistress</i>
Toast—"What Elizabeth Stands For".....	MISS ZELIA CORRIHER
Toast—"Co-Education vs. Woman's College".....	MISS EMMA DEWOODY
"Our Alma Mater".....	MISS CARRIE MAE PROBST

The following Class Toasts were responded to by:

MISS AGNES SUMMER.....	for Class of 1901
MISS MARGARET WILLIS.....	for Class of 1903
MISS MARGARET IRWIN.....	for Class of 1907
MISS VERA MAUNEY.....	for Class of 1908
MISS ZULA HEDRICK.....	for Class of 1909
MISS HAZEL ROBINSON.....	for Class of 1910
MISS HAZEL ALBRIGHT.....	for Class of 1911





HILLIE McMILLAN.

Jokes

S. P.—“Mary, what are you in music?”

M. R.—“Why, I’m a special.”

B. S.—“What’s the joke? I don’t see any sense in that.”

Miss P.—“Mary, where is the capital of the U. S.?”

M. R.—“In North Carolina.”

Miss Palmer when asked where to find a book. She answered in the medicine chest. (For bookcase.)

M. Tunis, who is waiting on Grace G. to have her picture taken, says: “Oh, hurry up, Grace.”

Grace (primping)—“Oh, I just am not satisfied with the way I look.”

M. T.—“Oh, you won’t show.”

Miss Palmer—“What did Homer write?”

M. R.—“The Tale of Two Cities.”

Carrie—“What do they put onions in the butter for?”

Miss Palmer—“Miss B., could you tell me how they are going to get the ships through the Panama canal?”

M. B.—“By building a railroad across the Sahara Desert.”

Anna T.—“Come on, Doll.”

Doll—“Oh, hush, you imprudent (impudent) thing.”

C. S.—“Simmons, put your mind on this.”

B. S.—“On Cora I can’t consecrate my mind.”

Miss Bomar—“I think the mascot should have a cap and gown, for they always want them for a souvenir.”

J. W. (the mascot)—“I don’t want any more souvenirs; I have all I want.”

R. H.—“Don’t tell who the Annual is to be Antiquated to.”

Laura H.—“I know a good Annual for the Joke.”

Miss Palmer, on finding her breakfast coffee cold and weak, said to Jeff (the waiter)—“Jeff, this coffee is not good; can’t you go get me something stronger?”

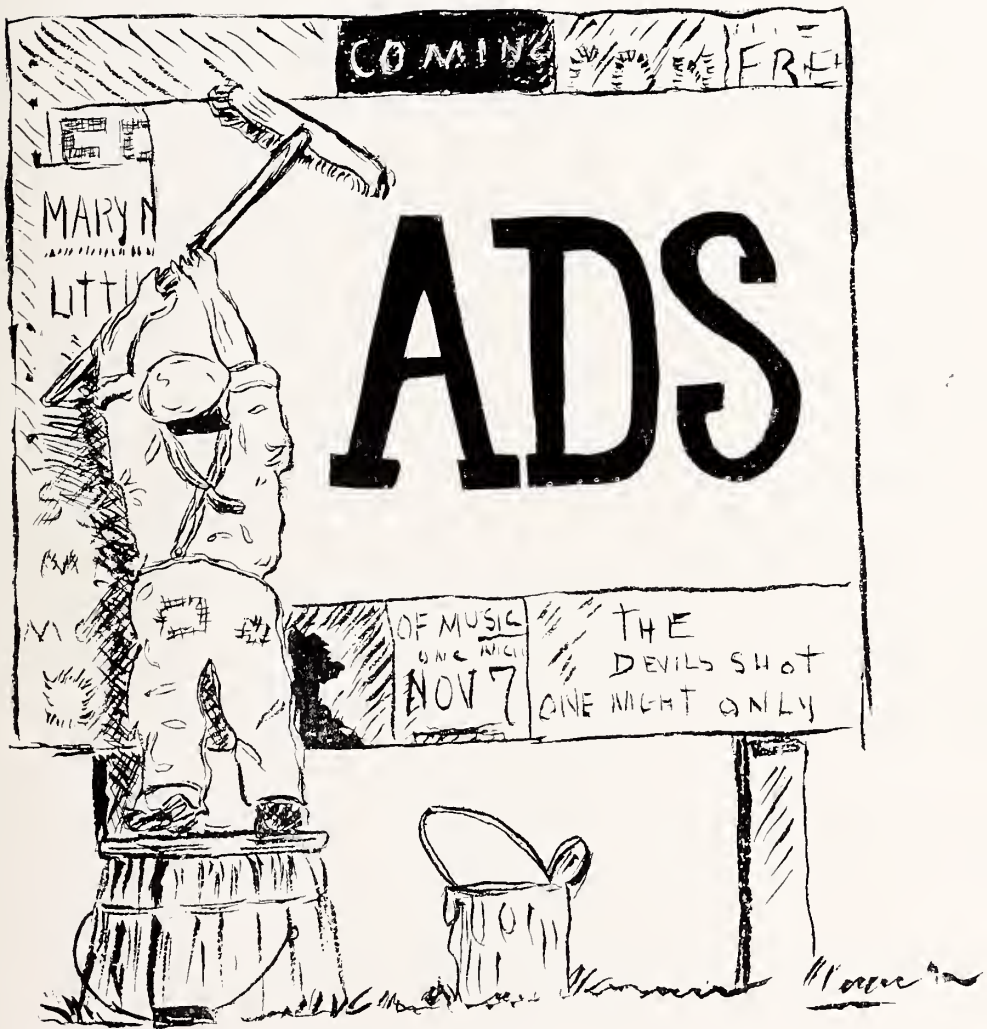
M. Bomar—“Miss Jackson, don’t they use infusorial earth to kill dead insects?”

M. Brittain—“Miss Jackson, how can you tell when crystals lose their water of civilization (crystalization).”

V. Y. (speaking of the theater)—“We have four boxes, eight in a box.”

I. McL.—“Why, there are *twenty-four* of us going, aren’t there?”





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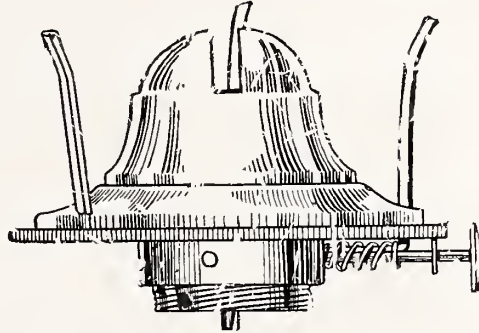
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APRIL 18, 1912

(Condensed From Report to State Corporation Commission.)

RESOURCES			
Loans	-	-	\$ 2,318,187.55
Bonds and Stocks	-	-	35,062.50
Cash in Vault and in Banks,	\$444,418.01		
Demand Loans,	33,670.00		478,088.01
Total	-	-	\$ 2,831,338.06
LIABILITIES			
Capital Stock paid in	-	-	\$ 350,000.00
Undivided Profits (Net)	-	-	232,958.61
Dividends Unpaid	-	-	37.34
Deposits	-	-	2,248,342.11
Total	-	-	\$ 2,831,338.06
Trust Funds Uninvested	-	-	\$ 19,061.17
Trust Investments	-	-	\$1,028,442.00

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